

P. o. angl.

156

Feb

LOVE'S MISTRESS;

OR,

THE QUEEN'S MASQUE.

As presented before their Majesties and sundry foreign
Ambassadors, by the Queen's Commmedians.

AT THE PHOENIX IN DRURY-LANE.

Written by **THOMAS HEYWOOD.**

1640.

Perhaps most favourable specimen of its class of Dramas. It is
not only Poetical, but invested with considerable interest.

P. B. angl.

'56 xb

Flywood

LOVE'S MISTRESS;

OR

THE QUEEN'S MASQUE.

WRITTEN BY THOMAS HEYWOOD.

LONDON:

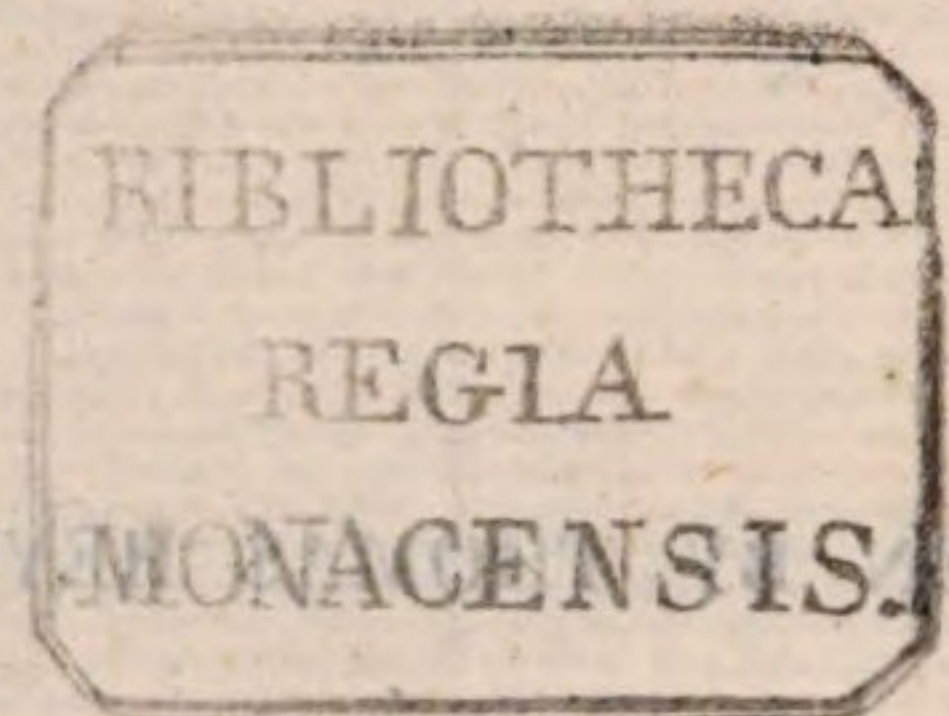
PRINTED FOR CHARLES BALDWIN, NEWGATE-STREET.

MDCCCXXIV.

LOANES MISTRESS

OR

THE QUEEN'S MANSION



WILHELM MONACENSIS

LONDON :

Printed by D. S. Maurice, Fenchurch-street.

LONDON :

PRINTED FOR CHARLES BALDWIN, NEWGATE STREET.

MDCCLXIV

THOMAS HEYWOOD.

IF we were to estimate man's life by the number and extent of his works, we should say, that Thomas Heywood had not been gathered to his fathers, until he had arrived at a ripe old age ; but whether, according to the ordinary mode of calculating human existence, he lived to any great length of days, the few materials within our reach do not enable us to ascertain. The time of his birth and death are alike unknown : the place of the first may be collected from his works, but as to the last we are unable to trace him to his grave. We learn from a funeral elegy, entitled, *On the Death of Sir George Saint-Poole, of Lincolnshire, my Countryman*, that he was a native of that county ; and from the dedication of Cartwright's edition of his *Apology for Actors*, that he was a Fellow of Peter-House, Cambridge. Heywood himself, in the work just referred to, speaks of the "time of his residence" in that University. From the manner in which he alludes to his family, it may be inferred, that it held a respectable rank in society : in the Dedication of *The English Traveller*, addressed to Sir Henry Appleton, he speaks to that gentleman of the "alternate love and those frequent courtesies which interchangeably passed between yourself and that good old gentleman, mine uncle (Master Edmund Hey-

wood), whom you pleased to grace by the title of father ;” and, in the same place, he alludes to “ my countryman, Sir William Elvish, whom, for his unmerited love, many ways extended to me, I much honour.”

From the following memorandum in Henslowe’s MS. Book, quoted by Malone, we find that Heywood had written for the stage so early as 1596. “ October 14, 1596, Lent unto them (the Lord Admiral’s servants) for Hawode’s booke XXX s.” and that, in 1598, he was a “ hireling, by which name all the players, who were not sharers, were denominated.” The memorandum of hiring is in these words : “ Memorandum, that this 25th of March, 1598, Thomas Heywood* came and hired himself with me as a covenanted servant for two years, by the receiving of two single pence, according to the statute of Winchester, and to begin at the day above written, and not to play any where public about London, not while these two years be expired, but in my house. If he do, then he doth forfeit unto me, by the receiving of the two pence, forty pounds ; and witness Anthony Munday, &c.”

From the same authority we learn, that in December in this year, he wrote a piece called *War without Blows, and Love without Suit* ; and in the February following another, entitled *Joan as good as my Lady*. This agrees with what Heywood says in the Dedication prefixed to *The Four Prentices of London*, which was published in 1615, that it was “ written many years since, in my infancy of judgment, in this kind of poetry, and my first practice ; yet, understanding (by what means I know not) it was in these more exquisite and refined times, to come to the

* Spelt Hawoode.

press in such a forwardness ere it came to my knowledge, that it was past prevention, and then knowing withal that it came short of that accurateness both in plot and style, that these more censorious days, with greater curiosity acquire, I must thus excuse—that as plays were then, some fifteen or sixteen years ago, it was in the fashion.” In the *Apology for Actors*, which was published in 1612, he describes himself, even then, as “being the *youngest* and wakest of the nest wherein he was hatched:” in another place he says, “it becomes my juniority to be pupilled myself rather than to instruct others;” and he apologetically remarks, with great and characteristic modesty, that he is loth “to soar this pitch before others of the same brood, more fledge, and of better wing than myself; but though they whom more especially this task concerns, both for their ability in writing, and sufficiency in judgment (as their works generally witness to the world) are content to overslip so necessary a subject, and have left it as to me the most unworthy, I thought it better to stammer out my mind than not to speak at all; to scribble down a mark in the stead of writing a name, and to stumble on the way rather than to stand still, and not to proceed on so necessary a journey.”

Heywood “had more traffic with the stage” than any of his contemporaries, and, indeed, than any man who ever lived, if we except the Spanish author, Lope de Vega: he must, indeed, have been a man of prodigious industry, having, besides numerous other works, and attending to his business of an actor, had either “an entire hand, or at least a main finger,” in 220 plays.*

* Preface to the *English Traveller*.

To give variety to such a numerous offspring, he had recourse, as he informs us, in the Prologue to *The Royal King and Loyal Subject*, to all possible sources of information.

“ To give content to this most curious age,
 The gods themselves we’ve brought down to the stage,
 And figur’d them in planets ; made even hell
 Deliver up the furies, by no spell,
 (Saving the muse’s rapture :) further, we
 Have traffick’d by their help ; no history
 We have left unrifled ; our pens have been dipt
 As well in opening each hid manuscript,
 As tracks more vulgar, whether read, or sung
 In our domestic, or more foreign tongue :
 Of fairy elves, nymphs of the sea and land,
 The lawns, the groves, no number can be scann’d
 Which we have not given feet to ; nay, ’tis known
 That when our chronicles have barren grown
 Of story, we have all invention stretch’d,
 Div’d low as to the centre, and then reach’d
 Unto the *primum mobile* above :
 Nor ’scap’d things intermediate.” * * *

Of this great number of plays, no more than twenty-three have come down to us. The author himself accounts for this circumstance in various parts of his works. “ My pen,” says he, in the *Apology*, “ hath seldom appeared in press till now ; I have been ever too jealous of mine own weakness, willingly to thrust into the press : nor had I at this time, but that a kind of necessity enjoined me to so sudden a business.” “ It hath been no custom in me,” he remarks, “ of all other men, to commit my plays to the press ; the reason, though some may attribute to my own insufficiency, I had rather subscribe in that to their severe censure, than, by seeking to avoid the imputation of weak-

ness, to incur greater suspicion of honesty; for, though some have used a double sale of their labours, first to the stage, and after to the press, for my own part, I here proclaim myself ever faithful in the first, and never guilty of the last.”* In the preface to *The English Traveller*, he assigns additional reasons for his plays not being printed. “True it is,” says he, “that my plays are not exposed unto the world in volumes, to bear the title of works, as others; one reason is, that many of them, by shifting and change of companies, have been negligently lost; others of them are still retained in the hands of some actors, who think it against their peculiar profit to have them come in print; and a third, that it never was any great ambition in me to be in this kind voluminously read.”

As a dramatist, Heywood is extremely unequal. Possessing great power of moving the affections, he frequently falls below mediocrity; his plays are occasionally deformed by low buffoonery; and, now and then, tainted with indecency. His notion of what constituted comedy will, in a great measure, account for his sometimes substituting buffoonery and low jests, for a nice discrimination and just delineation of character. “A comedy,” he observes, “is pleasantly contrived, with merry accidents, and intermixed with apt and witty jests, to present before the prince, at certain times of solemnity, or else merrily fitted to the stage. And what is then the subject of this harmless mirth? either in the shape of a clown, to shew others their slovenly and unhandsome behaviour,” &c. But the inequality to which we have alluded, may be more properly attributed to the rapidity with which he must have written

* Preface to *The Rape of Lucrece*.

his dramas; probably, spurred on to their precocious production by necessity; for, according to the author quoted by Langbaine, he was not so rich in purse as in brain.

* * * "Heywood sage,
The apologetic Atlas of the stage;
Well of the golden age he could entreat,
But little of the metal he could get."

This author has, however, left a few plays behind him, which are not only free from the objections before mentioned, but arrive at a high degree of perfection in dramatic art; such as—*A Woman killed with Kindness*,—*The English Traveller*,—*A Challenge for Beauty*,—*The Royal King and Loyal Subject*,—and, *Fortune by Land and Sea*. In the next grade we may place,—*Love's Mistress*,—*The Rape of Lucrece*,—and *The Lancashire Witches*. The rest of his plays, which will be found in the subjoined list, are of a very inferior order.

List of Heywood's Plays now known:—

- 1 & 2. *Edward IV. Historical Play. 2 Parts. B. L. 4to. no date, and 1626.*
- 3 & 4. *If you Know not me, you Know Nobody. Hist. Play, 2 Parts. 4to. 1605—1606, and 1633.*
5. *Fair Maid of the Exchange, Com. 4to. 1607—1637.*
6. *The Rape of Lucrece. Trag. 4to. 1608—1609—1616—1630—1638.*
7. *Golden Age. Hist. Play. 4to. 1611.*
8. *Silver Age. Hist. Play. 4to. 1613.*
9. *Brazen Age. Hist. Play. 4to. 1613.*
10. *Four Prentices of London.* Hist. Play. 4to. 1615—1632.*
11. *A Woman killed with Kindness. Trag. 4to. 1617.*
- 12 & 13. *Fair Maid of the West. Com. 2 Parts. 4to. 1631.*

* Beaumont and Fletcher's Play of *The Knight of the Burning Pestle* is a burlesque of this Play. Warton, in a note to *The Second Part of Henry IV.*, remarks, that "Heywood's (*The Four Prentices*) is a mixture of the droll and serious, and was evidently written to ridicule the reigning fashion of read-

- 14 & 15. Iron Age. Hist. Play. 2 Parts. 4to. 1632.
16. The English Traveller. Tragi-Com. 4to. 1633.
17. A Maidenhead well lost. Com. 4to. 1634.
18. Lancashire Witches. Com. (assisted by Richard Brome.) 4to. 1634.
19. Love's Mistress; also known by the title of Cupid's Mistress, Cupid and Psyche, and Love's Masterpiece. Masque. 4to. 1636—1640.
20. A Challenge for Beauty. Tragi-Com. 4to. 1636.
21. The Royal King and Loyal Subject. Tragi-Com. 4to. 1637.
22. Wise Woman of Hogsdon. Com. 4to. 1638.
23. Fortune by Land and Sea. Tragi-Com. (Assisted by William Rowley.) 4to. 1636.

The following Plays are attributed to him in Henslowe's Book.

1. War without Blows, and Love without Suit. 1598.
2. Joan as good as my Lady. —
3. Albeke Galles. (Assisted by Wentworth Smith.) 1602.
4. Marshal Osrick. (Assisted by Smith.) —
5. The Blind eats many a Fly. —
- 6 & 7. Lady Jane. 2 Parts. By Heywood, Chettle, Dekker, Smith, and Webster.
- 8 & 9. The London Florentine. 2 Parts. (Assisted by Chettle.)

In addition to the above list, pieces have been ascribed to him which are not only inferior to most of his acknowledged productions, but which actually do not belong to him; as, *The Dutchess of Suffolk*, which was written by Thomas Drue; and the two dramas on Robert Earl of Huntingdon's downfall and death; the first of which was

ing romances." This opinion does not appear to be quite correct. One uniformly-serious tone, in our judgment, prevails throughout this Play. That the author intended it to be serious, although it is as fine a subject for burlesque as ever was produced, we think there can be little doubt—it is written in that "huffing style" which distinguished our early dramas; such as Marlowe's *Tamburlane*, and others of that class; and as the author himself says, in a serious dedication to the Prentices of London, "was as plays were then [when it was written] in the fashion."

written by Anthony Munday, and the second by that author, assisted by Chettle.* The last two plays are still erroneously spoken of as being written by Heywood, in the edition of Warton's *History of Poetry*, just published, as well as in the recent collection of *Old English Plays*. Langbaine is also of opinion, that *The Fair Maid of the Exchange* was not written by Heywood, notwithstanding the authority of Kirkman, who attributes it to him; and although Langbaine is no wizard in such matters, we are inclined to think that, in this instance, he is right. Heywood's name is not affixed to it; and it is characterized by a greater poverty, both of ideas and style, than is usual with him, even in the worst parts of his plays.

Besides plays, he wrote *The City Pageants*, for several years;—a translation of Sallust, fol. 1609;—*Great Britain's Troy*, fol. 1609;—*An Apology for Actors*, 4to. 1612;—*The Hierarchy of the Blessed Angels*, fol. 1635;—*Pleasant Dialogues and Dramas*, 1637;—*The Exemplary Lives and Acts of Nine Women Worthies*, 4to. 1640;—*The Life of Merlin*, 4to. 1640;—*The General History of Women*, 8vo. 1657; and several smaller pieces. *Eromena, or Love and Revenge*, fol. 1632, has been attributed to him, but erroneously: it is a translation from the Italian of Biondi, and was executed by James Hayward, gent.

Heywood had also formed the design of writing the lives of all the poets, ancient and modern, from the time of Homer to his own: a design in the execution of which it does not appear that he ever made any progress.

* Henslowe's MS.

LOVE'S MISTRESS.

THIS is, perhaps, the most favorable specimen of the class of dramas to which it belongs: it is not only poetical, but invested with considerable interest.

The reader will observe, that the author has deviated in one or two instances from the usually received classical mythology.

LOVE'S MISTRESS;

OR

THE QUEEN'S MASQUE.

AS IT WAS THREE TIMES PRESENTED BEFORE BOTH THEIR MAJESTIES,
WITHIN THE SPACE OF EIGHT DAYS,

IN THE PRESENCE OF SUNDRY FOREIGN AMBASSADORS.

PUBLICLY ACTED BY THE QUEEN'S COMEDIANS,

AT THE PHŒNIX, IN DRURY LANE.

THE SECOND IMPRESSION, CORRECTED BY THE AUTHOR,

THOMAS HEYWOOD.

Aut prodesse solent aut delectare —

LONDON:

PRINTED BY JOHN RAWORTH, FOR JOHN CROUCH.

1640.

LOVE'S MISTRESS;

OR

THE QUEEN'S MASQUE.

AS IT WAS PERFORMED AT THE THEATRE ROYAL, IN THE CITY OF LONDON,

WITHIN THE SPACE OF EIGHT DAYS.

IN THE PRESENCE OF HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

PERFORMED BY THE QUEEN'S COMPANY.

AT THE THEATRE, IN BURY LANE.



THE SECOND IMPRESSION, CORRECTED BY THE AUTHOR.

THOMAS NEWCOMB.

And Printed by J. G. Smith, in the Strand.

LONDON:

PRINTED BY JOHN NEWCOMB, FOR JOHN GROSVENOR.

1616.

was above my apprehension to conceive; so to their sacred
Majesties, and the rest of the auditory, it gave so general
a content, that I presume, they never parted from any
object, presented in that kind, better pleased, or more
pleasurably satisfied: but these I leave to your judgment to
guess at; the thing itself I propose to your eyes to examine;
which, if you judge as favourably as I express it freely,
I shall ever remain, as heretofore,

TO THE READER.

GENEROUS READER,

For this dramatic poem I need not much apology, it having
past so many tests of approbation; yet, for commendable
custom's sake, I follow the tradition of all or most
authors, who were never deficient in this kind of compli-
ment. The argument is taken from *Apuleius*, an excellent
moral, if truly understood, and may be called a golden
truth contained in a leaden fable; which, though it be not
altogether conspicuous to the vulgar, yet, to those of
learning and judgment, no less apprehended in the para-
phrase, than approved in the original; of which, if the
perusers hereof were all Apuleians, and never a Midas
amongst them, I should make no question. So much for
the subject itself; but for the rare decorements which new
apparel'd it, when it came the second time to the royal
view, (her gracious Majesty then entertaining his Highness
at Denmark House, upon his birth-day) I cannot pretermit
to give a due character to that admirable artist, Mr. Inigo
Jones, master-surveyor of the king's work, &c. who to
every act, nay, almost to every scene, by his excellent
inventions, gave such an extraordinary lustre; upon
every occasion changing the stage, to the admiration of
all the spectators, that, as I must ingenuously confess, it

was above my apprehension to conceive; so to their sacred Majesties, and the rest of the auditory, it gave so general a content, that I presume, they never parted from any object, presented in that kind, better pleased, or more plenally satisfied: but these I leave to your judgment to guess at; the thing itself I propose to your eyes to censure; which, if you judge as favorably as I express it freely, I shall ever remain, as heretofore,

Studious of your best opinions,

THOMAS HEYWOOD.

TO THE
RIGHT HON. EDWARD, EARL OF DORSET,

*Lord Chamberlain to the Queen's most Excellent Majesty, Knight
of the Noble Order of the Garter, and one of his Ma-
jesty's most Honorable Privy Council.*

RIGHT HONORABLE,

It having pleased her most excellent Majesty, to grace this, though unworthy Poem, so often with her royal presence, I was emboldened the rather, though I dare not commend, yet to commit it to your noble patronage: neither are Dramas of this nature so despicable as to be held unworthy the countenance of great men, when there is frequent precedent that the like have been dedicated to and entertained by emperors, and the most potent princes of their times. If your honour shall deign the acceptance of a plain man's love and observance in this presentment, as you grace the work, so you shall much encourage the

author, who humbly takes his leave of your lordship, with
that borrowed from the excellent poet, *Nemesianus*,
Ecl. 1.

———o dignus senior quem carmine Phœbus,
Pan calamis, fidibus Linus modulantibus, Orpheus,
Concinerent.

THOMAS HEYWOOD.

THE PROLOGUE TO THIS PLAY,

The first time it was presented on the Stage ;

CUPID, DESCENDING IN A CLOUD, THE SPEAKER.

It was a custom 'mongst the Romans, when
State ladies they invited, or great men,
As if their doors were all too base and vile
To entertain them, their large roofs t' untile,
And their unbounded welcome more to crown,
In artificial clouds to let them down ;
Their superstitious love so far extending,
Receiving them as gods from heaven descending.

Although we cannot meet you with like state,
As ent'ring hither at our public gate,
You are as welcome ; 'tis Love bids you so :
And, as their use was, to their guests to shew
Their best and costliest jewels, (without boast,
So Cupid will) what he affecteth most,
His sweet and dearest mistress ; or, if aught
Were more in valuation, or in thought,
That you should see : she is both fresh and new ;
Then, bid her but as welcome as I you.

Her Majesty inviting the King to Denmark House, in the Strand, upon his birth-day, being November the 19th, this Play, bearing (from that time) the title of The Queen's Masque, was again presented before him :

CUPID SPEAKING THE PROLOGUE.

Who's so un-read doth not of Plato hear,
His *Annus Magnus*, or his vertent year,
In which the stars, and planets, moon, and sun,
Tir'd with continual labour, having run
So many ages' long peregrination,
Return, fresh and new, to their first station ?

This is that year, sure ! rather, this the day,
Able to change November into May :
This day's in heaven a jubilee of joy,
Where angels sing in quires, *Vive le roy !*
This is the royal birth-day of a king,
Then men with angels *Io Pean !* sing.

I'd almost lost myself, when my intent
Was to tell why I come, and from whom sent.
From one, to whom I 'm but a shadow ; she,
The very soul of amiability.
One, that without my quiver and my bow,
Commands the hearts and eyes of high and low ;
Whose name, inscribed here, did you but behold,
'Twould change the sooty ink to liquid gold
Of fulgent beauty ; but so pure a mind,
As if tinctur'd from heaven, and so divin'd.
I, Love, from Love am sent ; but she the right.
Then grace, Great King ! the triumphs of Love's night.

THE EPILOGUE,

Spoken by Cupid, pointing to the several Planets.

Now, Royal Princes, let me turn to you :
 Deign from Love's mouth to take this night's adieu ;
 Think all these planets, that on earth here move,
 Shadows of those celestial ones above,
 Breathe on you their best influences ; Vulcan, he
 Shall henceforth take charge of your armory ;
 Juno, the Marriage Queen, shall bless your bed ;
 The Sun shall take the bright beams from his head,
 T'increase your glory's lustre ; and the Moon
 Attend on you, to make your midnight noon ;
 And Mercury shall roam from shore to shore
 Upon your errands, prove your happy ranger,
 Home-bred to spy, and foresee foreign danger ;
 Venus, with sweets, and I with love will charm you ;
 And after all these, Jove with power shall arm you.
 I've kept you waking long ; good night ! 'tis late ;
 And many birth-days may you celebrate.

THE PROLOGUE TO THE KING AND QUEEN,

The second time it was acted the same week :

SPOKEN BY CUPID.

YES ; sure 'twas here, where some few hours I past,
 The very time that I descended last ;
 Aye, here it was ; I know it by one face,
 To which my mistress, Psyche, must give place :
 A presence, that from Venus takes all power,
 And makes each place she comes in Cupid's bower.

Though in their several spheres each planet ride,
 With all the gods, to feast me and my bride
 With nectar and ambrosia, yet, that waste
 Of godly fare could not my palate taste ;
 But I must all celestial sweets forbear,
 To review earthly Jove and Juno here ;
 Whom having seen, hail to you once again :
 Long as the spheres continue, may you reign
 In majesty, in power, in issue blest,
 Be all these with your fortunate years encreas'd ;
 'Till Cupid, ever young, with Time grow old,
 And you, this iron age changing to gold,
 Re-pur'd by your two virtues, these etherial
 May change to brighter chairs in th' heavens imperial !

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

APULEIUS,	}	<i>The Chorus.</i>
MIDAS,		
<i>ADMETUS, King of Thessaly.</i>		
ASTIOCHE,	}	<i>His Three Daughters.</i>
PETREA,		
PSYCHE,		
MENETIUS,	}	<i>Husbands to Astioche and</i>
ZELOTES,		

VENUS.	RHADAMANT.
CUPID.	CHARON.
PAN.	CERBERUS.
APOLLO.	ZEPHYRUS.
MERCURY.	BOREAS.
VULCAN.	FURIES.
PLUTO.	FOUR CYCLOPS.
PROSERPINE,	THE CLOWN.
MINOS.	AMARYLLIS, <i>a she Swain.</i>
ÆACUS.	FOUR SWAINS.

MESSENGER, &c.

LOVE'S MISTRESS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter APULEIUS, with a pair of ass's ears in his hand.

Apu. How art thou, Apuleius, re-transform'd?
Or else how cam'st thou metamorphos'd first
Into an ass? why to so dull a beast,
Of slow, and so obtuse a memory?
I had a brain aim'd at inscrutable things
Beyond the moon; what was sublunary,
Methought was for my study all too mean;
Therefore, aye, therefore, was I thus transhap'd:
That knowing man who keeps not in his bounds,
But pries into heaven's hidden mysteries
Further than leave, his dulness is increas'd,
Ceaseth to be a man, and so turns beast:
And thus I fell; yet, by the self same power,
That calls all human wisdom foolishness,
Am once more to my pristine shape restor'd;

Only to show how vain my ambitions were,
 This folly's crest I still about me bear.
 I fain would know the way to Helicon:
 Can none here tell me? will none silence break?
 It seems these sit to hear then, not to speak.

Enter MIDAS.

Here's one I hope can tell me! reverend father,
 How lies my journey to the Muses' hill?

Mid. Follow thy nose.

Apu. Thou most unreverend groom—
 I hope my ass's shape is quite shook off,— [aside.
 Why in this churlish manner speak'st thou then?

Mid. The Muses? hang the Muses.

Apu. Can'st thou conduct
 My wand'ring steps to Aganippe's spring?
 To the Muses' temple I am travelling
 And must to them perform a sacrifice.

Mid. An ass head of thy own, thou must perform.

Apu. If men be grown thus savage, oh, you powers,
 Re-metamorphose me into an ass!
 'Tis less inglorious, and less grief to live
 A beast amongst wild beasts, than to see man,
 Brute-like, to blemish his creation.

Mid. I tell thee once again, I know no Muses;
 No Muses' hill, no Aganippe's spring;
 And, which is more, I care for no such toys.

Apu. And which is worst, none wise will care for thee.
 O grief, that silver hairs should crown his head,
 By whom the Muses are dishonoured:

Say, Idol, what's thy name?

Mid. What's that to thee?

Yet was I sometime king of Phrygia,
To whom god Bacchus was beholden once;
And, therefore, bade me ask what I would have,
It should be granted. Instantly I begg'd,
That whatsoe'er I touch'd might turn to gold.
At first, it pleas'd me :—when I sat to eat,
I touch'd the table, and it straight was gold,
The trenchers gold; I call'd for earthen vessels,
Which by my touch were alchemis'd to gold,
All which I hugg'd; but when I came to carve,
Even as the dishes, so the meat was gold;
The liquid wine, but touch'd, was straight congeal'd;
And had not Bacchus freed me from my wish,
Amidst my gold I had been starv'd ere this.

Apu. Dull, covetous fool!

Mid. The shame of this made me resign my state;
And where before I was a king of men,
To fly the harshness of fools' bitter jests,
I made this wool crown, and am king of beasts,
And my name's Midas.

Apu. Then, O king of beasts,
Be this thy curse; when thy base life's out-worn,
No sacred poet name thee but in scorn:
But wilt thou sit with silence?

Mid. Thou prat'st and babbl'st, what would'st thou
have me do?

Apu. Seest thou this sphere spangled with all these stars?
All these love arts, nor shall they part from hence

With unfeasted ears : my purpose was
 To expose to them the shapes of all those asses,
 With whom my lost soul wander'd in a mist ;
 Knowing of them thou art not counted least.
 But first I'll shew a story of mine own,
 Of Cupid's love to Psyche ; sit, and see't ;
 I'll make thee then ingenuously confess
 Thy treason 'gainst the Muses' majesty ;
 Withal, not only whatsoever's mine,
 But all true poets' raptures are divine.

Mid. Thou hast prevail'd with me ; by Pan, I'll stay :
 But take heed, poet, that your rhymes be sound,
 Else with thine own ass' ears thou shalt be crown'd.

Apu. We two contend ;—Art here, there Ignorance :
 Be you the judges, we invite you all
 Unto this banquet academical. [*exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Music. Enter ADMETUS, MENETIUS, ZELOTIS, ASTIOCHE,
 PETREA, and PSYCHE.

Adm. You, peers and daughters to th' Arcadian king,
 We've pass'd the great'st part of our pilgrimage.
 Listen, oh listen ! for these sounds that gild
 The air's light wings, fanning through all our ears
 Immortal tunes, tell us we are arriv'd
 At sacred Delphos ; see, the burnish'd spires
 Advance themselves to welcome our approach ;
 The temple gates stand ope ; and that great deity,

Whose tongue speaks nothing less than oracle,
Attended by his Sibyls, deigns t'appear.

Enter APOLLO.

Men. Oh, teach our knees, with a most reverend touch,
To kiss this hallow'd earth!

Zel. Ladies, kneel down!

Asti. And, sir, relate to fair Latona's son,
Why this religious voyage was attempted.

Adm. Daughters, I shall:—
Sacred Apollo, god of archery,
Of arts, of physic, and of poetry:
Jove's bright hair'd son, whose yellow tresses shine
Like curled flames, hurling a most divine
And dazzling splendor on these lesser fires,
Which, from thy gilt beams, when thy car retires,
Kindle those tapers that lend eyes to night:
O, thou, that art the landlord of all light!
Bridegroom to morning, day's eternal king,
To whom nine Muses in a sacred ring,
In dances spherical, trip hand in hand,
Whilst thy well-stringed harp their feet command;
Great Delphian priest! we to adore thy name,
Have burn'd fat thighs of bulls in hallow'd flame,
Whose savour, wrapp'd in clouds of smoke and fire,
To thy star-spangled palace durst aspire;
Tell us, who shall untie the virgin zone
Of the white-handed Psyche: she alone,
Of three most fair, is most unfortunate:
All love, but none her love will celebrate

With nuptial rites ; what must of her betide ?
Dread Phœbus, tell to whom shall she be bride ?

Apol. Clothe Psyche in a mourning weed,
Then lead and leave her on a hill,
Where Venus' doves their young ones feed ;
Her husband not of human race,
But one, whose flaming sight doth kill,
And yet wants eyes ; his serpent's face
If she behold, she must see hell ;
And yet, by some notorious deed,
Obtain a patent from that place
Never to die : Psyche, farewell !
Much joy'd, much griev'd ; unclasp that spell.

[*exit Apollo.*

Adm. Much griev'd, and yet much joy'd. Poor girl ! I
fear

The scale of grief will weigh down that of cheer.

Men. She must see hell, and yet she ne'er shall die ;
True, for hell's torments live eternally.

Ast. But, father, no tongue shall her joys express.

Pet. Phœbus, thy words leave us all comfortless.

Psy. I must espouse a serpent, that's my hell.

Zel. But, since you never shall behold his face,
Your torments cannot be so horrible.

Men. Is't possible, by deeds impossible
T'attain the crown of immortality :
It cannot be : thus mocking Phœbus leaves us
Always in clouds of darkness to deceive us.

Adm. Stay thy profane tongue, lest deserved wrath
Strike thee with death from his revengeful sphere.

Thou must be cloth'd in mourning, so thou art
A mourning habit, and a thought-sick heart :
Thou must be left alone on Venus' hill ;
The destinies' decree we must fulfil :
Thy husband must want sight, and yet have eyes
That flame and kill ; oh, leave these mysteries
Until the gods reveal them ! come, let's hence :
Change your Arcadian tunes to Lydian sounds :
Sad notes are sweetest, where deep woe confounds.

[*exunt.*

SCENE III.

Music. Enter VENUS.

Ven. Cupid, my son, where's he ?

Cup. Anon, forsooth ! [within.

Ven. I'll gather rods of roses, if you mock me
With your—anon, forsooth !

Cup. Anon, forsooth ! [within.

Ven. Shall I be thus still vex'd ? still when my blood
Boils in the fire of anger ; then this ape
With purpose frets me.—Boy !

Enter CUPID.

Cup. Anon, forsooth !

Ven. Will Juno come, or Ceres ?

Cup. Juno lay lolling in my uncle's lap.

Ven. Which uncle ?

Cup. Uncle Jove :—I laugh'd outright
To see how, wanton-like, with both her arms,

She clung about his neck, gave him ten kisses,
Toy'd with his locks, look'd babies in his eyes,
And swore she would not watch him when he went
Amongst his wenches, if he'd turn away
His saucy page, the smooth-fac'd Ganymede;
The boy by chance upon her fan had spilt
A cup of nectar; oh, how Juno swore!
I told my aunt I'd give her a new fan,
To let Jove's page be Cupid's serving man.

Ven. What's this to Venus' message? what said Juno?

Cup. I ask'd her when she'd come, and, in good sooth,
She answer'd nothing but—anon, forsooth!

Ven. And where was Ceres; what did she reply?

Cup. Ceres was binding garlands for god Pan,
Of blue-bottles, and yellow piss-abeds,
That grew amongst the wheat, with which she crown'd
His forked brows, and woo'd him with his horn
To rouse the skipping Satyrs to go hunt
A herd of swine that rooted up her corn;
I ask'd her when she'd come, and in good sooth,
She sent me packing with—anon, forsooth!

Ven. I sent for Pan, and for Apollo too:
What news from them?

Cup. They said they would be here immediately.

Enter PAN and APOLLO.

Apol. Why in such haste hath Venus sent for us?

Ven. I sent for Juno, and for Ceres too;
But they'll not come.

Pan. Well, what's the news with you?

Ven. Have you not heard how Venus is contemn'd?
Her temples gaz'd at, but not trod upon,
Her stately hangings, and her pillows torn?
Those rosy garlands that her statues crown'd,
Are wither'd, or else traml'd on the ground;
Those troops that flock'd to Paphos to adore me,
Shun Paphos now, and scornfully abhor me.

Pan. That's strange, for all are up to th' ears in love:
Boys without beards get boys, and girls bear girls;
Fine little rattle-babies, scarce thus high,
Are now call'd wives: if long this hot world stand,
We shall have all the earth turn Pigmy-Land.

Ven. All honour love, but none adore love's queen.

Apol. The injury is great; but from whence springs it?

Ven. From Psyche, daughter to th' Arcadian king;
They call her Queen of Love, will know no other,
And swear my son shall kneel and call her mother.

Cup. But Cupid swears to make the jacks forsworn

Apol. Will Cytherea swallow this disgrace?

Pan. What shall Pan do in this?

Ven. Lend me your aids.

If you meet Psyche, charge young Mercury
To send her to me, or imprison her
Till you have sent me word.

Apol. If this be all, Venus shall have her wish.

Pan. Pan, by his upright horns and beard, doth swear
To hunt out Psyche; but if I do this,
What will sweet Venus give me?

Ven. A sweet kiss;

And Phœbus shall have one, Cupid another,

Upon condition they will right those wrongs
 Which Psyche, in her great pride, throws on me;
 Draw from thy quiver a dull leaden shaft,
 And stick it through her bosom to the heart;
 Make her in love, but let her proud eyes doat
 On some ill-shapen drudge, some ugly fool;
 Do this, I'll weave for thee a coronet
 Of roses mix'd with Berenice's hair;
 And give thee my best chariot, and my doves,
 To hunt with on the earth or in the air;
 Wilt thou do this, my boy?

Cup. I will, forsooth.

Ven. Nay, do not mock me, wilt thou?

Cup. Yes indeed, indeed I will, forsooth.

Ven. Sweet lad, adieu then.

Apollo, Pan, revenge poor Venus' wrongs,
 Whilst I unyoke my silver-colour'd team,
 To wanton on the bosom of yon stream. *[exit.*

Apol. Now she hath call'd me down unto the earth,
 I'll try what pastimes dwell amongst the swains. *[exit.*

Pan. And with my Satyrs I will have some sport
 Here in the Arcadian valleys. *[exit.*

Cup. Shall Psyche's beauteous eyes gaze on base love?
 No, let my mother storm, and chafe, and lower,
 She shall be none but Cupid's paramour.

Enter ZEPHYRUS.

Ho, Zephyrus!—how now, thou puffing slave!
 Art thou grown proud, thou swell'st so? Gentle wind,
 Clap on thy smoothest feathers, sleekest wings,

And mount thee to the top of yonder rock ;
There shalt thou find, anon, a forlorn maid :
Convey her gently down into the vale
That borders on my bower ; see this perform'd,
And I will clothe thee in a grass-green robe,
Spotted with daizies, pinks, and marigolds ;
I'll play the thief in Flora's treasury,
To make all eyes in love with Zephyrus ;
Fly hence, do this, and henceforth be thou king
Of all the winds, and father of the spring ! [exunt.

SCENE IV.

Enter ADMETUS, MENETIUS, ZELOTIS, ASTIOCHE,
PETREA, and PSYCHE.

Adm. Behold the foot of that unhappy rock,
Upon whose frozen top, by Phœbus' doom,
Thou must abide thy most sinister hap.

Asti. Dear sister Psyche.

Psy. Peace, Astioche.
Petrea ! father ! you should all have mourn'd
When the mad spirits of the multitude
Kneel'd down and call'd me Venus ; then have wept,
When Cytherea's altars were left bare,
And I was call'd a goddess ; when these tears,
Whose reeking makes my funeral lights burn dim,
Might have quench'd Venus' wrath ; but leave me now
To fight with death, or meet worse misery.

Men. But lurks that serpent in this fatal rock ?

Pet. So said Apollo.

Zel. Then, Menetius,
We will conduct fair Psyche to the cave,
And rip the monster's entrails with our swords.

Psy. Forbear all force, I will ascend alone;
Phœbus will be displeas'd; alone, said he,
Distressed Psyche shall climb up yon hill.

Adm. The way is dangerous, thou wilt lose thyself
Without a guide.

Psy. Death must my conduct be:
See where the pale hag stands; vain world, adieu!
I am his bride, he waits for none of you.

[she climbs up the rock.]

Adm. What pains the poor girl takes! see how she strives
Against the swelling bosom of the hill!

Men. See, the kind brambles, as enamour'd of her,
Circle her beauty in their catching arms,
Wooing her to come back; as who should say,
Thou run'st too fast to death: sweet Psyche, stay.

Adm. But all in vain; she now hath climb'd the rock,
And wafts her hand; do you the like to her,
Whose timeless death prepares my sepulchre.

Pet. Sister, with courage meet thy destiny;
To-morrow, if thou liv'st, we'll visit thee. *[exeunt.]*

Enter CUPID and ZEPHYRUS.

Cup. Fly, Zephyrus: on top of yonder mount
My fair love sits; on thy soft swelling wings
Let Psyche ride — *[exit Zephyrus.]* you voices, that
attend me,

Dance in the air like wantons, to entice
 My love to dwell in Cupid's paradise :
 Music, with ravishing tones enchant her ears !
 A banquet there ! she that doth Cupid wed,
 Thus shall she live, and thus be honored. [*exit.*

[*Zephyrus takes Psyche from the rock,
 and exit with her in his arms.*

SCENE V.

*Enter ZEPHYRUS with PSYCHE, and places her at a banquet table,
 and exit.*

Psy. Where am I now ? For through the cheerful air
 Hither I have been brought, on unseen wings ;
 What wond'rous place is this ? No serpent sure
 Lurks in this pleasant bow'r : my ear drinks sounds
 Of heaven-tun'd instruments ; I see no creature,
 And yet, methought, soft fingers set me down,
 And I am forc'd, by sweet compulsion,

[*a banquet, first plain, and presently set out with
 all delicates.*

To be the only guest of this fair board,
 Which, empty, is as soon new furnished ;
 I fain would touch these sweets, but fear to taste them.

Echo. Taste them. 2. Taste them. 3. Taste them.

Psy. What voice is that ? I dare no longer sit !

Echo. Sit. 2. Sit. 3. Sit.

Psy. Who mocks me ? Are you devils, or are you gods ?

Echo. Gods. 2. Gods. 3. Gods.

Psy. The gods will do no harm !

Echo. No harm. 2. No harm. 3. No harm.

Psy. Psyche, be bold, and taste this heavenly food.

Echo. Ha ha ha. 2. Ha ha ha. 3. Ha ha ha.

Psy. These are no echoes, for they shift their place,
Nor catch they my last words as echoes do,
For when I would have fed, they mock'd my pride,
They laugh'd aloud at my presumption :
No, these are fury-elves, and will torment me,

Enter ZEPHYRUS, with drink.

If thus I talk to them.—Who fills this wine,
And tempts my eye with it? as who should say,
Drink, Psyche.

Echo. Drink, Psyche. 2. Drink, Psyche. 3. Drink,
Psyche.

Psy. I'll taste no drop of this enchanted wine:
Fain from this magic circle would I rise,
Yet dare not; Oh, let Psyche see your eyes,
Or rid me hence, and set my fears in peace !

Echo. Peace. 2. Peace. 3. Peace.

Enter CUPID.

Cup. How lovely is my Psyche ; earth's too base
To be possess'd of her celestial form :
My mother hates her ; for the gods, I fear,
Would banish her from earth, my love being there ;
And therefore shall she live in Cupid's bower,
For she deserves to be Love's paramour :
Oh how thy fair eyes wound me ; by this kiss,
And this white hand.

Psy. Oh me ! what voice is this ?
I feel besides, soft fingers and a ring.

Cup. Long white fingers, soft white hand,
Ring, and all at thy command.

Psy. Is this my husband then ?

Cup. Ho, Zephyrus !
Remove hence those ambrosian dishes straight.

[*Zephyrus takes off the banquet.*]

Psy. My father much mistook the oracle ;
To this sweet voice, could I enjoy the sight,
I should myself then style queen of delight.

Cup. Pleasure shall be thy lackey ; wilt thou hunt
Then in an airy chariot, drawn by birds ?
On the winds' downy back my love shall ride ;
Mild Zephyrus shall be thy waggoner ;
Who, if the heat offend, his silver wings
Shall fan cool air upon thee : yet, my love,
If thou commit'st one sin, thou art not mine.

Psy. Name it, and I'll avoid it for your sake.

Cup. Thy mourning sisters shortly will return,
And seek thee on the rock from whence thou cam'st,
But shun their sight and speech ; Psyche, do this,
Thou robb'st me else of love, thyself of bliss.

Psy. Not speak, nor see my sisters ! oh what pleasure
Can Psyche take, lock'd in a golden jail ?

Cup. Run not unto thy ruin, gentle love :
Yet if thou needs wilt see and speak with them,
Command thy servant Zephyrus to bring them
From top of yonder rock into this vale ;
But if they make inquiry who I am,

Fill both their laps with gold, and send them gone.
 Besides, I woo thee by this nuptial kiss,
 Do not persuade me to disclose my shape,
 Attempting that, thou lovest this high state,
 I then must leave thee, thou live desolate.

Psy. In all these things, I will obey my love.

Cup. Then Psyche, in thine unseen husband's hand,
 Clasp thy white fingers; I'll now crown thy bed
 With the sweet spoils of thy lost maidenhead. [*exeunt.*

Enter APULEIUS and MIDAS.

Mid. Hand off! let go my sheep-hook! I'll not stay,
 I'll hang myself, e'er I'll see out thy play:
 Call you this poetry?

Apu. If this displease thee, Midas, then I'll shew thee,
 Ere I proceed with Cupid and his love,
 What kind of people I commerc'd withal
 In my tran-shape.

Mid. That's when thou wert an ass.

Apu. The very same.

Mid. Yes, that I fain would see.

Apu. Sit then, and view thine own infirmity.

A Dance. Enter a PROUD ASS with ears.

Mid. What fellow's that?

Apu. A self-will'd insolent fool,
 Who spits at those above him, and those beneath
 Despiseth, and his equals jets upon;
 Rich in his own conceit, in judgment poor;
 Still carping, tho' a coxcomb, and may pass,
 As these days go, for a proud arrogant ass.

Dance.—Enter a PRODIGAL ASS.

Mid. Aye, this I like :—What fellow's that?

Apu. A fellow, he,
Who riots that which most penuriously
His father hoarded, in drabs, drink, and play ;
Wearing fantastic habits, and gay clothes,
Till he hath quite exhausted all his gold,
And for a prodigal ass may be enroll'd !

Dance.—Enter a DRUNKEN ASS.

Mid. This gives me good content :—What's he ?

Apu. A pot-companion, brother to the glass,
That roars in's cups, indeed a drunken ass.

Dance.—Enter an USURER.

Mid. He looks like a good fellow :
Now, that grey-beard ?

Apu. One that doth pinch his belly in his life,
And starve his own guts to make others feed ;
Patcheth his own clothes to make others proud,
And for a covetous ass may be allow'd.

Dance.—Enter a YOUNG GENTLEWOMAN.

Mid. But so did never Midas :—now, that minx ?

Apu. Her mother's darling she, born to good means ;
In love with all she sees, yet truly, none ;
Who when great heirs are proffer'd, trifles them ;
And, in the end, when with none else she can,
She marries with her father's serving-man :
And that is a right she-ass.

Dance.—Enter an IGNORANT ASS.

Mid. What reverend person's that ?
Of all the other I like him best.

Apu. That, Midas, is thy brother ;
A piece of moving earth, illiterate, dull ;
Who having, in himself, nought commendable,
Envies what's good in others ; and yet dare
In his own impudence with Arts compare.
A block, a stone ! yet learning he'll revile ;
And a dull ignorant ass we will him style.

Mid. But where's your Poet Ass among all these ?
[*Asses dance, and exeunt.*

Apu. There's no such creature.

Mid. Then what call'st thou those
That let not men lie quiet in their graves,
But haunt their ghosts with ballads and bald rhymes ?
Do they not teach the very fiends in hell
Speak in blank verse ? do we not daily see
Every dull-witted Ass spit poetry ?
And for thy scene, thou bring'st here on the stage
A young green-sickness baggage to run after
A little ape-fac'd boy thou term'st a god :
Is not this most absurd ?

Apu. Misunderstanding fool, thus much conceive ;
Psyche is *Anima*, Psyche is the soul,
The soul, a virgin, longs to be a bride ;
The soul's immortal ; whom then can she woo
But heaven ? whom wed, but immortality ?
Oh, blame not Psyche then, if, mad with rage,
She long for this so divine marriage !

Mid. But tell me then, why should Apollo say,
All love her, and yet none will marry her?

Apu. All love fair Psyche; all cast amorous eyes
On the soul's beauty; but who is't will wed her?
None with the soul will lead so strict a life,
As heaven enjoins with such a blessed wife.

Mid. Thou prompt'st my understanding pretty well;
But why should Venus, being queen of love,
Wish her son Cupid to enamour her
Of some base groom, mis-shapen and deform'd?

Apu. By Venus here, is meant intemperate lust;
Lust woos her son Desire, t' inflame the soul
With some base groom, that's to some ugly sin.
Desire is good and ill; the evil swears
To obey his mother Venus, and vex Psyche:
But Cupid, representing true desire,
Doats on the soul's sweet beauty, sends his servant,
Zephyrus, in whom celestial pleasure's meant,
T' entice his love, the soul, to his chaste bed,
Giving her heaven for her lost maidenhead.

Mid. Only one riddle more, and I have done:
Why did the poor girl Psyche take such pains?
What scrambling shift she made to climb the mountain,
And crawl through brakes and briars to get a husband!

Apu. This shews how many strong adversities,
Crosses, pricks, thorns, and stings of conscience,
Would throw the ambitious soul, affecting heaven,
Into despair and fainting diffidence,
Which Psyche must pass through; the soul must fly
Through thousand lets, to seek eternity.

Mid. Thou hast made this somewhat plain.

Apu. Kind gentlemen,
Wink at our strife; you may, in pardoning this,
Count this our talk a mere parenthesis. [*exeunt.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter PSYCHE, ASTIOCHE, and PETREA.

Psy. Welcome, dear sisters! with the breath of love,
Poor Psyche gives kind welcome to you both!
O tell me then, by what auspicious guide,
You came conducted to this sacred place?

Ast. Sister, you shall. When many a weary step
Had brought us to the top of yonder rock,
Mild Zephyrus embrac'd us in his arms,
And in a cloud of rich and strong perfumes,
Brought us unto the skirts of this green mead.

Psy. And happily arriv'd! nature and art
Have strove to make this dale their treasury;
Winds fly on Psyche's errands; shapes unseen
Are my attendants, and, to make me sport,
Will dance like nimble echoes in the air,
And mock me.

Echo. Mock me. 2. Mock me. 3. Mock me.

Psy. Sisters, how like you this?

Echo. This, ha ha ha! 2. This, ha ha ha! 3. This, ha
ha ha!

Pet. They mock us! will they do no harm to us?

Psy. Oh, no.

Echo. No. 2. No. 3. No.

Psy. Babblers, be silent!

Echo. Silent. 2. Silent. 3. Silent.

Psy. Or else I'll punish you;

And let me hear some music—loud—and still!

[*loud music, and still music.*

Tell me how like you this?

Ast. It flies the reach of admiration.

Pet. But let us see the shapes of them that play;

What are they? speak! or what's your husband's name?

Let's know our brother, that we may relate

To the king, our father, your high honor'd state.

Psy. My husband, sister, is now rid from home.

Ast. Why, say he be; I hope you know his name?

We'll ransack all the palace but we'll find him:

Is your sweetheart so proud, he'll not be seen?

Pet. Where is he, Psyche?

Psy. Trust me, he's from home.

Ast. Let's see his picture then?

Psy. Lass, I have none.

Pet. Describe his person?

Psy. I must shift them hence,

My tongue will else breed my confusion. [aside.

Ast. Nay, sister, when?

Pet. When, sister, will it be?

Psy. How should I give him shape I never saw?

He's a fair lovely youth! upon each cheek

Smiles lie in cheerful dimples; on his brow

Sits love and majesty in glorious pride.
 His eyes such beauty in their circles hold,
 That, walking in the night, I've thought them stars;
 Long flaxen curled tresses crown his head.
 Come, come, you shall not be enamoured
 Of my fair husband ; this for all suffice,
 He's young and rich.

Ast. O how my blood doth rise,
 In envy of her high felicity ; speak, what's his name ?

Psy. Home, home ! more music there ! I must to rest.
 Ho, Zephyrus !
 Come forth, and bring me brim full bags of gold :

Music. Enter ZEPHYRUS with bags.

Hold up your laps ; tho' them you cannot see
 That bring this gold, this largess take from me ;
 Adieu, adieu ! my duty to the king :
 I needs must stop mine ears when Syrens sing. [exit.

Pet. Astioche !

Ast. Petrea ! Oh, I'm mad to note her pride ;
 Her husband is no serpent, as 'twas said,
 And false Apollo sung ; he is some god,
 And this his temple ; for no mortal hand
 Hath laid these crystal pavements, cloth'd these meads
 In never-fading liveries of green :
 Flora, you see, clothes all the ground with flowers,
 Flora is Psyche's hand-maid ; Zephyrus
 Is but her foot-boy, lackeys at her beck.

Pet. Yet she's our sister, and it doth me good
 To see rich worth in any of our blood.

Ast. Thou art a fool, Petrea, for I hate
That any's fortune should transcend my state ;
She sends us hence in scorn, but we'll return,
And never cease, till by some treachery,
Her pride we make a slave to misery. *[exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter ADMETUS, MENETIUS, and ZELOTES.

Men. Patience, great sir, you have not lost them all ;
Doubtless the two last live.

Zel. Sir, though they be your daughters, they're our
wives,
And we are in no such despair of them.

Adm. Admit you were ; one for Astioche,
And that another for Petrea wept ;
You two, but for two wives shed husbands' tears ;
For you and them, I sorrow all ; your fear
Divided betwixt you, on me alone,
Lies like a mountain, and thus casteth down
Admetus' wretched body with his crown ;
They followed Psyche, and her destiny
Hath given them death, us living misery.

[He throws himself on the ground.

Enter EVEMORE.

Eve. Rise, royal sir ; your daughters are return'd.

Adm. O, where ? which way are my two daughters come ?

Eve. Yes, sir ; and both their laps are fill'd with gold.

Enter ASTIOCHE, and PETREA.

Adm. Welcome to both in one ! oh, can you tell

What fate your sister hath?

Both. Psyche is well.

Adm. So among mortals it is often said,—
Children and friends are well, when they are dead.

Ast. But Psyche lives, and on her breath attend
Delights that far surmount all earthly joy;
Music, sweet voices, and ambrosian fare;
Winds, and the light-wing'd creatures of the air;
Clear channel'd rivers, springs, and flow'ry meads
Are proud when Psyche wantons on their streams,
When Psyche on their rich embroid'ry treads,
When Psyche gilds their chrystal with her beams.
We have but seen our sister, and, behold!
She sends us with our laps full-brimm'd with gold.

Adm. O, you amaze me, daughters!

Pet. Let joy banish amazement from your kingly
thoughts;
Psyche is wedded to some deity,
And prays, withal, our quick return again.

Adm. We grant it: we, with you and these, will go
To Psyche's bow'r; desire enflames my mind,
To sit on the bright wings of that blest wind.

Ast. Oh, but the god that governs Psyche's thoughts,
For sure he is immortal, charg'd my sister
To talk with none but us.

Pet. Yet by the magic of our tongues we'll try
If we can win you so much liberty.

Adm. Go, my Astioche, but come again
To comfort him that must thy want complain;
Go with my love, Petrea, but return

With winged speed, whilst we your absence mourn ;
Go with my blessing ; blest those sisters be,
That live like you in bonds of unity !
Give Psyche this ; give her this, thou Petrea ; [*kisses them.*
Tell her she is myself, my soul's idea.
And say, whilst she is spotless, lovely white,
She shall be my sole comfort, my delight :
So part with my best wishes. [*exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter CLOWN, with three or four Swains.

Clown. And what might you call that young gentleman, that rules and reigns, revels and roars in these walks of Arcadia ; that makes you borrow sheeps' eyes from your flocks, and leaves you no more brains in your heads than in your sheep-hooks ? What might you call that gallant ?

1st. Swain. Whom do you mean ? him whom god Pan so honours, the Fawns fear, and the Satyrs shake to see ?

Clown. *Ille ipse*, the same ; I desire no more than this sheep-hook in my hand to encounter with that swas h-buckler.

2nd. Swain. It is the god of love ; they call him Cupid.

Clown. Cupid ! Coxcomb ! your Satyrs are all sots, your Fawns fools, and your Pan a pitiful poor fellow : had I their horns, as I know not what I may have in time, I would so gore him ;—and what weapons doth he use ?

3rd. Swain. They say—bow and arrows.

Clown. Bow and bird-bolts doth he not ? and how lies he ? where's his guard ? what's his play ? can any of you

all give me his true title?

1st. *Swain*. Not I, 'tis far beyond me.

Clown. Then hearken, O you hoyds! and listen, O you illiterates, whilst I give you his style in folio! he is king of cares, cogitations, and coxcombs; viceroy of vows and vanities; prince of passions, prate-apaces, and pickl'd lovers; duke of disasters, dissemblers, and drown'd eyes; marquis of melancholy and mad folks; grand signior of griefs and groans; lord of lamentations, hero of heigh-hos! admiral of ay-mes! and monsieur of mutton laced.

2nd. *Swain*. Here's a style I shall never be able to get over.

Clown. And who do you think maintains this princox in his *pontificalibus*?

3rd. *Swain*. Nay, it exceeds my capacity.

Clown. A company of pitiful fellows call'd poets; did you never hear of one Homer, and of The Tale of Troy, and of a ten years' siege, and many such trifles?

2nd. *Swain*. Yes, and many things concerning them.

Clown. But hear me, oh you miss of misunderstanding; This Troy was a village of some twenty houses; and Priam, as silly a fellow as I am, only loving to play the good fellow, he had a great many bowsing lads, whom he called sons.

3rd. *Swain*. As we have here in Arcadia.

Clown. Just the same: by this Troy ran a small brook, that one might stride over; on the other side dwelt Menelaus, a farmer, who had a light wench to his wife call'd Helen, that kept his sheep; whom Paris, one of Priam's mad lads, seeing and liking, 'ticeth over the brook,

and lies with her in despite of her husband's teeth : for which wrong, he sends for one Agamemnon his brother, that was then high constable of the hundred, and complains to him ; he sends to one Ulysses, a fair spoken fellow, and town-clerk, and to divers others, amongst whom was one stout fellow called Ajax, a butcher, who upon a holyday brings a pair of cudgels, and lays them down in the midst, where the two hundreds were then met, which Hector, a baker, another bold lad of the other side, seeing, steps forth, and takes them up ; these two had a bout or two for a broken pate ; and here was all the circumstance of the Trojan Wars.

1st. Swain. To see what these poets can do !

Clown. But listen to them, and they will fill your heads with a thousand fooleries ; observe one thing, there's none of you all no sooner in love, but he is troubled with their itch, for he will be in his amoretts, and his canzonets, his pastorals, and his madrigals, to his Phillis, and his Amaryllis.

1st. Swain. Oh beauteous Amaryllis !

Clown. And what's Amaryllis, think'st thou ?

1st. Swain. A fair and lovely creature.

Clown. I'll show thee the contrary by her own name. *Amor* is love, *illis* is ill ; ill cannot be good : *ergo*, Amaryllis is stark naught : let one or two examples serve for more ; there's one of our fairest nymphs call'd Susanna ; what is Susanna, but *sus* and *anna*, which is, in plain Arcadia, Nan is a sow.

2nd. Swain. Well, you have taught us more than ever I understood before, concerning poetry.

Clown. Come to me but one hour in a morning, and I'll read deeper philosophy to you: good-morrow, neighbours; poets, quoth-a? what's *Titule tu patule*, but titles and pages? what's *Propria quæ maribus*, but a proper man loves marrow-bones? *Fæmineo generi tribuuntur*, but the feminine gender is troublesome? what's Ovid, but *quasi* avoid? now should I be in love; with whom? with Doll; what's that but dole and lamentation; with Jug, what's she, but sister to a black-pot? or what's Peg, good for nothing but to drive into a post? no, Cupid, I defy thee and all thy genealogy!

Enter CUPID.

Cup. What's he that so profanes our deity,
And scorns that power which all the gods adore?
To whom Jove sometimes bends, and Neptune kneels,
Mars homageth, and Phœbus will submit,
Sly Mercury obey, and Vulcan bow to;
And all the rural gods and goddesses,
Satyrs and nymphs allow their sovereign;
He shall not 'scape unpunished.

Clown. If I could but find one of these fantastical poets,
or light upon that little god, their patron, I would so tickle them.

Cup. This hobinoll, this rustic, this base clown!
I find him of a dull and brainless eye,
Such as I know a golden-headed shaft
Will never enter; of a skin so thick,
As pointed silver hath no power to pierce:
For such gross fools I have a bolt in store,

Which, though it cannot wound, shall give a blow,
To startle all within him. [*shoots.*

Clown. Oh-me! hey-ho!

Cup. Lie there, base Midas' bastard! that refuses
All-honor'd love, and rail'st against the Muses. [*exit.*

Clown. Oh coward! whatsoe'er thou art, to come behind
a man and strike him before; for I saw nobody:—to shoot,
and never give a man warning, oh coward! I am paid, I am
pepper'd; the case is alter'd, for any one may guess by the
hugeness of the blow, that I am mightily in love; ay-me!
that any wench were here, whose name is Ay-me; now
could I be in love with any Madge, though she were an
howlet, or with any maid, though she look'd like a malkin;
Oh, poetry! I find I am poison'd with thee too; for me-
thinks I could say my prayers in blank-verse; nay let me
see, I think I could rhyme for a need.

Cupid, I yield, since so I know thy will is;
And I'll go seek me out some Amaryllis. [*exit.*

SCENE IV.

Enter PSYCHE, alone.

Psy. There's at this time a combat in my soul,
Whether to trust my well-known sisters better,
Or my unseen husband: I have ask'd,
Demanded, and inquir'd of all my train,
This fairy-train that hourly waits on me,
Yet none of them will tell me what he is;

Enter CUPID.

Besides, this solitude! to be alone

Begins to grow most tedious, and my fears
Do every way distract me.

Cup. Why, how now, Psyche?

Psy. Oh, let mercy's eyes
Shine on my fault!

Cup. Are these thy heaven-bound vows?
Are all thy protestations gilded air?
Hast thou no more regard to my command,
Or thine own safety?

Psy. Dear love, pardon me!

Cup. Once more I do; and still must pardon thee,
And thou must still offend, still torture me;
Yet once again I'll try thy constancy:
Thy sisters are at hand.

Psy. But, gentle love, shall I not speak to them?

Cup. Yes, but I woo thee
To send them quickly hence, or they'll undo thee:
They now are at the rock; bid the cool wind,
To please thee, bring them to the place assign'd. [exit.

Psy. Ho, Zephyrus!

Enter ZEPHYRUS, with the two Sisters.

Tell me the cause of your so quick return. [to her sisters.

Ast. Psyche, we come in danger of our lives,
To save our sister from ensuing harm.

Psy. What harm? what danger?

Ast. Danger imminent;
Once you refus'd our counsel, and deny'd
To let us know your husband, or his name.

Pet. Come, let's see him!

Psy. Oh, what shall I do?

Pet. Escape the danger you are fall'n into.

Psy. You cannot see him.

Ast. Give us then his shape.

Psy. His shape; why he's a man whose snowy head
Bows on his bosom, through the weight of age.

Ast. That cannot be; you said he was a youth
Of comely stature, with long flaxen hair.

Psy. I am entrapp'd.

Ast. Speak; did you ever see your husband?

Psy. Why do you ask? pray, trouble me no more:
Leave me, and I will fill your laps with gold.

Ast. Once thy gold tempted us to leave this place,
And to betray thy life to misery,
It shall not now: did not Apollo doom
Thy fatal marriage to some hideous beast?
How just is Phœbus in his auguries!
Last night, when we went hence laden with gold,
We spy'd a serpent gliding on the mead,
Who, at the sight of us, writhing his head
Proudly into the air, first hiss'd at heaven,
Because it did not shade him from our eyes.

Psy. How did that serpent vanish from your sight?

Ast. In at these gates he roll'd; Psyche, be wise!
For tho' a while he dally with thy beauty,
Dulling thy taste with sweets, thy eyes with shows,
Thy ears with music, and sweet lullabies,
He will in time devour thee.

Psy. Miserable wretch!
How shall I fly the fate that follows me?

Whose help shall I invoke?

Pet. Tell us the truth,

And we'll devise some means to succour thee.

Psy. You are my sisters; I confess to you,
I never saw his face, know not his shape,
Yet have I touch'd his eyes, and felt his hands.
Oft have I kiss'd his cheeks, more oft his lips;
Eyes, hands, lips, cheeks, and face so charm'd my touch,
That I have sworn, save his, there were none such;
Yet your strange story makes me to suspect
That he's some serpent, for he tells me still,
To see his glorious shape will ruin me;
Besides, he bids me shun your company,
Else you will breed my sorrow; this is that
Which troubles me.

Ast. Hear then my counsel! instantly provide
A keen-edg'd razor, and a burning lamp;
At night, when sleep sits on his monstrous eyes,
Steal from his speckl'd side, step to your light,
And without fear behold his horrid shape,
And with the razor cut his scaly throat;
And so by death gain life, and he being dead,
Psyche shall to some king be married.

Pet. How doth our sister relish this device?

Psy. I do embrace your counsel, and this night
I'll put the same in execution;
Come, you have made me resolute and bold,
And now receive your laps o'er-swell'd with gold. [exit

Ast. Swell in thy pride, until thou break'st thy heart!
Yet come, we'll take her largess e'er we part. [exeunt.]

SCENE V.

Enter MIDAS and APULEIUS.

Mid. Poet, no more; I have enough of Psyche,
Her sisters and the serpent; all of them
Most villainous lies; I'll prove it; and unless,
To please myself, and keep mine eyes from sleep,
Thou'lt let me shew thee some of our fine sport,
Such as we use here in Arcadia,
I will endure no longer.

Apu. Well, I am pleas'd.

Mid. I'll shew thee in a dance.

Apu. Art sometimes must give way to ignorance.

A Dance.

*Enter PAN, CLOWN, SWAINS, and COUNTRY-WENCHES; they
dance, and exeunt.*

Mid. Was not this sport indeed?

Apu. My modesty gives thee no reprehension,
For I'm well pleased with your pastoral mirth;
But as thou had'st a power over mine eyes,
To sit it out with patience; so lend me
Thy attentive ears.

Mid. First, clear thy absurdities;
Nay, gross ones too: here Psyche lies abominably,
And says she has two husbands, the one young,
The other old; how canst thou answer this?

Apu. Though thy vain doubts be most familiar
To these judicious hearers, well experienc'd

As well in matters moral as divine,
To thee I'll make it plain.

Mid. I pr'ythee, do.

Apu. Did Psyche lie, to say she had two loves?
How like art thou to Psyche, she to thee!

Mid. To me! I scorn her likeness.

Apu. In this point thou art;
For rather than thy sisters shall grow angry,
To make earth's drossy pleasures stay for thee,
Thou wilt exclaim, with Psyche,—Cupid's young!
The joys of heaven are all too young, too little,
To be believ'd, or look'd at; if that fail,
Thou with the soul wilt say,—my love is old!
Divine delights are crooked like old age;
Who will not vow, speak, nay swear any thing,
To have their vain delights serv'd like a king.

Mid. 'Tis pretty, but your echoes pleas'd me best;
O, if a man had seen them!

Apu. With a mortal eye none can; in them is hid this
mystery;
Celestial raptures, that to allure the sight,
Are seen no more than voices being on high,
Subject unto no weak, and fleshly eye.

Mid. But why did Cupid hide himself from Psyche?

Apu. O, who dares pry into those mysteries,
That heaven would have conceal'd? for this she's charg'd
Not to see Cupid's face, to shun her sisters.

Mid. Those gadding girls, what didst thou mean by
them?

Apu. The restless sins that travel night and day,

Envy her bliss, the sweet soul to betray.

Mid. Well, by this little I conceive the rest :
I care not greatly if I stay it out ;
But if not lik'd I'll either sleep or flout.

Apu. So will not these, I hope, before they view
What horrid dangers Cupid's bride pursue. [*exunt.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter PSYCHE, in night attire, with a Lamp and a Razor.

Psy. Time's eldest daughter, Night, mother of ease,
Thou gentle nurse, that with sweet lullabies,
Care-waking hearts to gentle slumber charm'st !
Thou smooth-cheek'd negro, Night, the black-ey'd queen,
That rid'st about the world on the soft backs
Of downy ravens' sleek and sable plumes,
And from thy chariot, silent darkness flings ;
In which man, beast, and bird envelop'd,
Take their repose and rest ; Psyche entreats thee,
No jar nor sound betray her bold attempt.

[*Cupid discovered sleeping on a bed.*]

Soft silken veil that curtains in my doubt,
Give way to these white hands, these jealous eyes !
Sharp knife prepare for a red sacrifice ;
Bright lamp, conduct me to my love or hate ;
Make me this night blest or unfortunate !
Wond'rous amazement ! what do I behold ?

A bow and quiver, these shafts tipt with gold,
With silver this? this sluggish arrow's head
Is, like my heavy heart, compos'd of lead;
Such weapons Cytherea's son doth bear;
Psyche were happy if this Cupid were;
Malicious sisters, I your envy see!

This is no serpent, but a deity:
What pretty loves, like silken slumbers lie,
Closing the covers of each crystal eye;
Hence, thou prepared instrument of death,
Whilst Psyche sucks new life from his sweet breath!
Churl beauty, beauteous niggard! thus I'll chide;
Why didst thou from mine eyes this glory hide?
Ah me! thou envious light, what hast thou done?

Cup. Immortal powers! oh succour Venus' son!
What hellish hag hath dropp'd this scalding oil
On Love's celestial shape?

Psy. 'Twas Psyche's hand.

Cup. How durst thou violate my dread command?
Venus, my mother, bid me make thee doat
On some base groom; and I left her and heaven,
And with mine own dart wounded my own breast;
For all these favours, wouldst thou murder me?

Psy. Let my weak sex plead for my great offence.

Cup. No, for thy sake, this plague pursue thy sex;—
You shall have appetites, and hot desires,
Which, though supply'd, shall ne'er be satisfi'd:
You shall be still rebellious, like the sea,
And, like the winds, inconstant; things forbid
You most shall covet, loath what you should like;

You shall be wise in wishes, but, enjoying,
Shall venture heaven's loss for a little toying.
Ho, Zephyrus !

Enter ZEPHYRUS.

Psy. What will my dear love do ?

Cup. Hence, touch me not, I'll be no more thy love ;—
Discharge my servants from this fairy vale,
Resign thy office to the boist'rous north,
Bid famine ride upon his frozen wings,
Till they be blasted with his pois'nous breath ;
Music be turn'd to horror, smiles to tears,
Pleasures to shrieks, felicity to fears.

Psy. Why do you plague the place for my offence ?

Cup. Why for thy sisters' sake sought'st thou my hate ?
But I will be reveng'd on them and thee,
On them, for thy sake, on thyself for me.

Psy. For pity hear poor Psyche.

Cup. No ; away !

Psy. I have no way but yours ; which way you fly,
I'll hang upon your wings, or fall and die.

Cup. Soon shalt thou leave thy hold, run Zephyrus :
Fetch Boreas—

A Storm. Enter BOREAS.

Art thou come, my Aquilon ?
Boreas, I charge thee by Orithia's love,
Lay waste and barren this fair flow'ry grove,
And make this paradise a den of snakes ;
For I will have it uglier than hell,
And none but ghastly screech-owls here shall dwell :

Breathe winter's storms upon the blushing cheeks
 Of beauteous Psyche ; with thy boist'rous breath,
 Rend off her silks, and clothe her in torn rags ;
 Hang on her loath'd locks base deformity,
 And bear her to her father ; leave her there,
 Barren of comfort, great with child of fear ;
 Psyche, farewell ! whilst thou with woes art crown'd,
 I must go gather helps to cure my wound. [*exit.*

Psy. With woes indeed ; those wretches live in woe,
 Whom love forsakes, and Psyche must do so.

[*A great storm. Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter CLOWN, AMARYLLIS, and SWAINS.

Clown. Do you hear the news, you animals ?

1st. Swain. Is it worth the hearing ?

Clown. A question well ask'd, for it is musical news,
 and therefore worth your ears : Apollo being call'd by
 Venus from heaven, hath ever since kept Admetus his
 sheep, with whom Pan meeting, they fell into contention,
 whether his pipe, or Apollo's harp, could yield the better
 music, and which, withal, could sing the best ; come then,
 my sweet Amaryllis, and take thy place amongst the rest,
 for this is the day of the trial ; and, amongst others, I
 heard my father Midas say, that all other business set
 apart, he would be at it ; but there is one mischief lately
 happened.

1st. Swain. What's that, I pr'ythee ?

Clown. Pan hath got a cold, is hoarse, and hath lost his

voice, and therefore hath chose me to sing in his place ; and Phœbus, because he will take no advantage, hath pick'd out one of his Pages to do the like for him ; therefore come, make a lane ; for, by this time, they are upon their entrance.

1st. Swain. But is it possible, that Pan's pipe dare contend with Apollo's harp ?

Clown. Yes, that is possible, blind harper, and that my wind-pipe shall prove ; make room, and get you all out of the lists save I, that am to be one of the combatants.

A Flourish. Enter APOLLO, PAN, ADMETUS, PETREA, ASTIOCHE, MENETIUS, ZELOTES, *and* MIDAS.

Pan. Who shall be Judge ?

Apo. Admetus.

Adm. Sacred Apollo, great Pan, pardon me !
It is a cunning much beyond my skill ;
Therefore I humbly crave to be excus'd !

Apo. Admetus, for thy hospitality,
Phœbus will be thy friend, and give thee leave
In this to use thy pleasure.

Pan. What thinks Phœbus
Of Midas, once of men, now king of beasts.

Apo. No better man, so please him undertake it.

Mid. Yes, Phœbus, Midas will ; and though poor Marsyas,
For striving with thee had his skin pull'd off,
Yet have we swains, and some too not far off,
I could have said, some near to me in blood,
Can tickle you for a tune.

Clown. Meaning me, and I will set out a throat.

Apo. Is this thy champion?

Pan. Yes, and who's for thee?

Apo. One of my minutes, hours, days, weeks, or months,
Or years, or seasons, that still wait on us,
And have done, ever since the first of time;
Not one can come amiss.

Mid. Who shall begin?

Adm. Most voices.

All. Apollo, Apollo.

Clown. No matter, though his champion begin; let me
alone to come up with the catastrophe.

All. Silence, silence.

Song.

Phœbus, unto thee we sing,
O, thou great Idalian king!
Thou the god of physic art,
Of poetry, and archery;
We sing unto thee with a heart
Devoted to thy deity;
All bright glory crown thy head,
Thou sovereign of all piety,
Whose golden beams and rays are shed
As well upon the poor as rich,
For thou alike regardest each;
Phœbus, unto thee we sing,
O thou great Idalian king!

Mid. Aye, marry, this was somewhat to the purpose;
I needs must say 'twas pretty; but, god Pan,
Now let us hear your champion?

Pan. Come, stand forth?

Song.—CLOWN.

Thou that art call'd the bright Hyperion,
Wert thou more strong than Spanish Geryon
That had three heads upon one man,
Compare not with our great god Pan.

They call thee son of bright Latona,
But girt thee in thy torrid zona,
Sweat, baste and broil, as best thou can ;
Thou art not like our dripping Pan.

What cares he for the great god Neptune,
With all the broth that he is kept in ;
Vulcan or Jove he scorns to bow to,
Hermes, or the infernal Pluto.

Then thou that art the heavens' bright eye,
Or burn, or scorch, or broil, or fry,
Be thou a god, or be thou man,
Thou art not like our frying Pan.

They call thee Phœbus, god of day,
Years, months, weeks, hours, of March and May ;
Bring up thy army in the van,
We'll meet thee with our pudding Pan.

Thyself in thy bright chariot settle,
With skillet arm'd, brass-pot or kettle,
With jug, black-pot, with glass or can,
No talking to our warming Pan.

Thou hast thy beams thy brows to deck,
Thou hast thy Daphne at thy beck ;
Pan hath his horns, Syrinx, and Phillis,
And I, Pan's swain, my Amaryllis.

Adm. You, Midas, have heard both ; these only wait
Your just and upright sentence.

Mid. Is Phœbus pleased ?

Apo. Pleased.

Mid. And is Pan content ?

Pan. Content.

Clown. Now if my father can but censure as well as I
sing, the town's ours.

Mid. Yes, son, I can; and that most learnedly;

Song.—MIDAS.

Thy harp to Pan's pipe, yield, god Phœbus,
For 'tis not now as in *diebus*
Illis; Pan all the year we follow,
But *semel in anno ridet Apollo*;
Thy quirister cannot come near
The voice of this our chanticler;
Then leave off these thy burning rays,
And give to Pan the prick and praise;
Thy colour change, look pale and wan,
In honour of the great god Pan.

All. A sentence, a sentence, a Pan, a Pan.

Apo. Henceforth be all your rural music such,
Made out of tinkers'-pans, and kettle-drums;
And never henceforth may your fields be grac'd
With the sweet music of Apollo's lyre:
Midas, for thee, may thy ears longer grow,
As shorter still thy judgment ! dulness and dotage
Be only govern'd with those reverend hairs;
Let all like thee, that as they grow in time,

Decay in knowledge, have that old man's curse,
 To be twice children : for thy squeaking son,
 May all thy 'state thou leav'st him at thy death,
 Be to sing ballads through Arcadia,
 And them to the like tunes. Farewell, Admetus !
 My music lies unquestion'd ; what's amiss
 Is not in us, but in their ignorance ;
 Thus undisparag'd, Phœbus leaves the place,
 And with them, to succession, my disgrace. [exit.]

Adm. Phœbus is gone displeas'd.

Pan. Still may he be so !

Mid. Midas, I'm sure, has judg'd with equity.

A Storm. Enter PSYCHE and BOREAS.

Clown. But see, father ! see, god Pan ! if in revenge, he
 hath not sent a blustering wind to blow us all hence ; 'tis
 Boreas, 'tis Boreas.

Pan. Come, Midas, come, swains, till this storm be past,
 Let us away to shelter. [exeunt Pan, Midas, and Swains.]

Psy. Where art thou, Psyche ? how art thou deform'd ?
 What air affords thee breath, what men be these ?
 Where shall I hide me ? let no human eye
 Behold me thus disfigur'd, and asham'd :
 My father, brothers, and my sisters too,
 That wrought my fall, what shall poor Psyche do ?

Adm. What bare anatomy of grief is this,
 That glads mine ear with sound of Psyche's name ?

Psy. 'Tis her own tongue, the herald of her shame :
 Father Admetus, sisters, pity me !

Adm. Thou art no child of mine.

Ast. Spurn her away,
'Tis some infectious strumpet, and her breath
Will blast our cheeks ; her sight is worse than death.

Psy. I did not use you thus, nor spurn you back,
When on the nimble wings of Zephyrus,
You were transported into Cupid's vale ;
Your entertainment then deserv'd more right,
Than, like a dog, thus spurn me from your sight.
Sisters !

Pet. Out, hag ! we scorn thy sister-hood.

Psy. You scorn me too ; nay, then, at last I see,
Pride will not look on base deformity :
Father Admetus, pity wretched Psyche !

Adm. Out, impudence ! if once again thy tongue
Mangle the reputation of my girl,
I'll have it straight torn out : hence with the impostor !

Psy. Us'd like a dog, and by a father's doom,
Dragg'd from his presence ! how am I transform'd ?
I'll try my brothers next, upon my knees.

[she kneels first to one Brother, and then to the other.]

Zel. Depart the place ! for me, I know thee not.

Psy. Oh me ! how quickly wretches are forgot !

Men. Wretched, away !

Psy. Away ; all cry, away :
Baseness and pride in one place cannot stay.
Astioche, kind sister ! for old loves,
Resolve my father that I am his child ;
Put him in mind of Phœbus' oracle,
And leaving me upon the barren rock ;
Remember how you came unto my bower,

And how my servants fill'd your laps with gold ;
And last, remember how, by your advice,
I made attempt to strike my husband dead,
As he was sleeping. Do you know me now ?
Thence grew my misery.

Ast. Yes, fool ! and my great heart
Joys in thy fall ; and, father, now I better
Survey her, my mind gives me this is Psyche.

Pet. I am of her thought too ; and yet much wonder,
How such a beauty should be so deform'd.

Adm. None shall persuade me to't ; she's none of mine
That tells me I have any part in her.

Music. CUPID descends.

Cup. Admetus, stay ! chide thy conceit ! it offers
Wrong unto thy daughter Psyche.

Psy. O, what heavenly tongue
Will once vouchsafe to sound poor Psyche's name,
Torn with disgrace, doubly expos'd to shame.

Cup. Psyche, his tongue, whose charge had'st thou obey'd,
Thy prosp'rous state had not been so betray'd ;
Nor had'st thou been a subject to that shame
Which now attends thee.

Psy. Cupid, my dear lord,
Pardon my guilt, have pity on my sorrow !

Cup. I cannot ; no, I dare not : heaven, and earth,
The destinies, and all the immortal powers,
Have, with the iron pen of fate, writ down
Thy certain pain. Did I not give thee charge,
To taste the pleasures of immortal love,

But not to wade too deep in mystery?
 Could not my heavenly company suffice
 To cheer thy soul; but thou, with earthly eyes,
 Must see my face, and view my real beauty,
 Against my charge, thy love, and human duty?

Psy. I do entreat. *[she kneels to Cupid.*

Cup. Arise; kneel not to me!

But thank thy sisters; they apparel'd thee
 In that distractful shape. Psyche, farewell!
 I'll mourn in heaven, to see thy pains in hell.

[Cupid ascends.

Adm. Poor miserable child! instead of tears,
 My heart weeps blood; I am confounded quite:
 I have three daughters; thou of all the rest,
 Had'st in my true conceptions greatest share,
 For which, I call'd thee Psyche, that's the soul,
 For as my soul I lov'd thee; now I abjure
 All interest in thy birth; hence from my court!
 My hand shall ne'er lay blessing on thy head,
 Nor my tongue grace thee with a daughter's name;
 Thou art not mine, but the base birth of shame.

Psy. Oh whither shall a wretch convert her eyes,
 When her own father shall her tears despise?

Enter MERCURY.

Mer. Attend, Arcadians,
 The proclamation of the Paphian Queen.

Adm. When Hermes speaks, we are bound to all
 attendance.

Mer. Oh yes! if any can bring Psyche unto Venus——

Ast. Psyche, whom you are sent to seek, stands there.

Mer. Then here ends Mercury's commission.

Psyche, in Venus' name, I do arrest thee,
For wrongs to her and Cupid.

Psy. I obey
Your high arrest, and with a humble suit,
Prostrate myself to Cytherea's wrath.
Where's angry Venus?

Mer. Frantic in this grove,
Mourning Adonis' death,—and here she comes.

Enter VENUS.

Ven. Accursed bow ! why didst thou not defend him?
He shall not die ; Adonis still shall live.
Apollo ! gentle Phœbus ! mount thy chariot,
And in his cold breast breathe celestial fire,
For all earth's simples cannot cure his wound ;
Or, if he must expire, command the Muses
To give my love immortal memory ;—
Hast thou found Psyche ? oh that in this rage,
I could but now forget her.

Mer. See where she stands,
With down-cast eyes, and weak up-heaved hands.

Ven. Just of my height, state, and my proportion ;
And were her pristine beauty lent her back,
Might, in the rabble's judgment, rival me.
Strumpet ! profaner of our sacred rites !
How hast thou wrong'd me, and abus'd my son,
By aiming at my honour and his life.

Psy. Dread Paphian Queen, for lovely Cupid's sake,
And this rich burthen in my wretched womb,
Pity poor Psyche!

Ven. Hast thou play'd the strumpet,
And, for thy sin's sake, must I pardon thee?
No, that alone hath made me merciless. [*Venus beats her.*]

Psy. Help me, dear father! sisters! Mercury!

Adm. I dare not speak for thee.

Ast. Nor I.

Pet. Nor I.

Psy. Poor Psyche! born unto adversity.

Mer. Be not so bitter, madam, for his sake,
By whom you are made a grandam.

Ven. I prove a grandam to a strumpet's brat!
Go, Mercury! and from some garner fetch
Five measures of five several sorts of grain;
Despatch it, Hermes!

Mer. What will Venus do?

Ven. Thou shalt know better when thou back return'st.

[*exit Mercury.*]

You are young Venus, and the Queen of Love,
That had th' ambition to be Cupid's wife,
And marry with a god. Ho, Boreas!
Since Mercury is slack in his return,
Wind her enticing locks about thy arm,
And tossing her loose carcase in the air,
Fling it into the bosom of some storm,
And grind her bones to powder in the fall.

Psy. Pity me, Venus! father, plead for me!

Enter MERCURY, with grain.

Ven. 'Tis well done, Hermes; hast thou brought the grain?

Mer. I have

Ven. Then, minion, here's your task;
Look on all these; see, thus I mingle them.

Psy. And what must miserable Psyche do?

Ven. To several heaps with thine own hands divide
Each several seed, e'er the sun kiss the west,
Or look for death; go, and when that is done,
I'll ride to Paphos and enlarge my son,
Whom yet I keep close prisoner in my closet. *[exit.*

Adm. Psyche, adieu! none can reverse thy doom.

Ast. Not I.

Men. Nor we. *[exeunt all but Mercury and Psyche.*

Psy. I wish the earth my tomb.

Mer. Take patience, Psyche, and be comforted.

Psy. Comfort! alas! what comfort can she find
Whose father and dear friends prove so unkind?

Mer. For Cupid's sake, who, for thy love, now wears
A pair of golden shackles on his heels,
This Mercury will do; fly hence to Paphos,
And fetch him from his late imprisonment,
Then tell him of his mother's tyranny;
That done, we two will teach thee, without pain,
In several heaps how to divide this grain. *[exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter MIDAS and APULEIUS.

Mid. And where have I been, think'st thou, Apuleius?

Didst thou not miss me ?

Apu. Yes, I did not sleep, as thou didst, in thy judgment.

Mid. Then, I perceive,

Thou know'st how I maintain'd our rural music,
Preferring it before Apollo's harp.

Apu. Yes, and by that infer, thou art all earthly,
Nothing celestial in thee.

Mid. All's one for that ; now for your moral.

Apu. Wilt thou stay it out ?

Mid. No, 'tis too dull,

Unless thou'lt quicken me with some conceit ;
Thy Psyche's sadness hath made me so heavy,
That Morpheus steals upon me.

Apu. What would'st thou see ?

Mid. Thy little Cupid I like pretty well,
And would see something else that he can do,
More than belongs to Psyche.

Apu. Well, to keep thee awake,
I'll shew thee now love's contrarieties,
Which was more than my promise.

A Dance.

Enter a King and a Beggar, a young Man and an old Woman, a lean Man and a fat Woman ; they dance, and exeunt.

Mid. Aye, marry, this was somewhat like indeed ;
Here's young and old, here's fat and lean, the beggar
and the king ;
Love hath power over all.
But to your moral now ; why comes your Psyche

With a sharp razor, and a burning lamp,
To murder Cupid? then he wakes and chafes,
And flings the house out at windows: was't not so?

Apu. I'll tell thee; she, charm'd by her sisters' tongues
Thinks her fair love a serpent; and, grown mad,
Would murder Cupid, tear even Jove from heaven;
Yet note the greatness of celestial mercy;
One glimpse, one lamp, one spark, one divine thought
Plucks back her arm, and more enflames her breast
With amorous raptures; but, because, poor soul!
She aim'd to search forbidden mysteries,
Her eyes are blasted, Cupid loathes her sight,
He leaves her ugly, and his blessed bower
Is rent in pieces; for heaven seems to fall
When our poor souls turn diabolical.

Mid. For that 'twixt Pan and Phœbus, I know best,
For I was there an umpire: but resolve me,
Why left he Psyche when she lost his love,
Yet mourn'd when she was left of all her friends?

Apu. All bid the wretched soul run to despair,
When lep'rous sin deforms her; but even then,
When the gods hate her, when she's scorn'd of men,
Cupid hangs in the air, his divine eyes
Shed tears for her, comforts her miseries.

Mid. Yet he forsook her too.

Apu. Till Psyche be made fair, and angel-white,
She's not to stand in Cupid's glorious sight.

Mid. Well, I am answer'd.

Apu. For thy part, Midas,

Laugh, sleep, or flout ; nay, snarl, and cavil too ;
Which none of these here met I hope will do. [*exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter VULCAN.

Vul. Within here, ho, Pyracmon ! when, you knave ?
Take in Adonis' quiver, and his bow,
And hang them up in Venus' armory,
By Mars his gauntlet, and Achilles' sword.
Ha, ha, ha ! I laugh until my sides be sore,
For joy that my wife's dandiprat is dead ;
And now, my Cyclops, lay't on lustily ;
There's half a hundred thunder-bolts bespoke,
Which argues that the world is full of sin !
Neptune hath broke his mace, and Juno's coach
Must be new mended, and the hind-most wheels
Must have two spokes set in ; Phœbus' fore-horse
Must have two new shoes calk'd, and one remove ;
Pan's sheep-hook must be mended shortly too ;
Ply it of all hands, we have much to do.

1st. CYCLOP, within.

1st. Cyc. Master, here's one of Ceres' husbandmen
Would have a plough-share and a scythe new ground.

Vul. New ground ! new halter'd ! he shall stay his turn :
Shall we deceive the gods and goddesses,
For a plough-jogging hind ?

2nd. Cyc. Here's Mercury,—to have his caduceus mended.

Vul. He shall stay.

3rd. Cyc. Here's Ganymede,

To have his master's hunting-nag new shod ;

And Mars his lackey, with a broken gorget.

4th. Cyc. And here's a clown for hob-nails.

Vul. Here's the devil and all !

What would they have me do ? I toil and moil

Worse than a mill-horse ; scarce have kept a minute

This fortnight, and odd days ; I have not time

To sit and eat ; but I'll give over all,

And live upon my wife, as others do ;

They say, she hath good takings ; e'er I'll endure it,

I will do any thing : when I was made a smith,

Would I had been a bear-ward !

4th. Cyc. What shall we do first ?

Vul. Why, first, go hang yourselves !

I keep a dozen journeymen at least,

Besides my Cyclops, and my prentices,

Yet 'twill not fadge ; I think, my little boy

Cupid must blow the bellows, and my wife

Venus must leave her trade, and turn she-smith ;

Yet 'twould scarce quit the cost ; she'd spend me more

In nectar and sweet balls to scow'r her cheeks,

Smudg'd and besmear'd with coal-dust and with smoke,

Than all her work would come to :

But soft, what shackl'd runaway is this ?

Enter CUPID, in fetters.

Why, how now, Cupid ?

Cup. Crawling softly to you ;
You are my dad, and I am come to see you.

Vul. How came you out of credit with your mother ?

Cup. Ask me how I crept into credit rather ;
For do you see, sir, thus the matter stands ;
I am indebted, and thus enter'd bands*
To be forthcoming.

Vul. You're a young whore-master ; about your wench
I have heard all : but where's your mother now ?

Cup. Binding up myrtles for Adonis' tomb,
Whom she hath now turn'd to a hyacinth.

Vul. And what's become of Psyche ? where is she ?

Cup. I parted but even now with Mercury,
Who told me that my mother had enjoin'd her
To part five measures of commixed grain
Into five heaps, which seem'd impossible ;
But he and I sent forth the toiling ants,
Who, like so many earnest labourers,
Did it with ease, for they were numberless :
Then with his cunning having pick'd the lock
Of Venus' closet door, he set me free ;
And I am come, dear father, to entreat
You file off these my bolts.

Vul. Cupid, I dare not ; Venus gave me charge
Not to take off thy shackles.

Cup. Father, sweet honey sugar-candy dad,
Indeed, indeed you shall.

Vul. This colloquing wag
Will not be answered : come, set up your leg ;

* Bonds.

Venus will sole me by the ears for this.

Cup. No, no, I warrant you.

Enter PSYCHE, with a vial.

Vul. So, now 'tis done; thou'rt free; — but who comes here?

She's angry sure, for see how big she looks;
What a great breadth she bears; methinks, a woman
Becomes no ornaments she wears so well
As a great belly; therefore, 'tis much pity
They should want things to make them look so pretty.

Psy. Unhappy Psyche! Venus most obdure,
And never satiate with my endless cares,
When, by the helps of silly labouring ants,
I had ended the first task, her cruelty
Binds me to worse disaster.

Cup. Once, my love,
Had'st thou been true to Cupid, not the least
Of all these evils had assaulted thee;
And till my mother's anger be appeas'd,
I dare do nothing: yet, for our first love's sake,
Make me acquainted with thy second task,
And as I may, be sure, I'll further it

Psy. Let my lips kiss this earth whereon you tread,
In low submission; for her late injunction
Transcends all human possibility;
This vial I must fill at that spring-head,
From whence Cocytus flows, that fearful stream,
Which feeds the river Styx.

Cup. Be advis'd by me:

Not far from Tænarus, whose barren top
Is crown'd with clouds of smoke, there lies a mead,
O'ergrown with osiers, briars, and sycamores ;
In this Jove's eagle, on whose dusky wings
Ganymede flew to heaven, obscures himself
From jealous Juno's wrath ; enquire him out ;
Tell him thy grief, and that thou cam'st from me ;
From this hard task he will deliver thee.

Psy. Thanks, glorious deity ; upon my knees,
Press'd down with this rich burthen of thy love,
I beg that you will mediate 'twixt my errors,
And your stern mother's wrath.

Cup. Well, get thee gone ;
'Tis I will front her indignation. *[exit Psyche.]*

Enter PAN and VENUS.

Pan. This way he ran with shackles on his heels,
And said he would to Vulcan. O, but see
Where he stands cogging with him.

Ven. Now, you runaway,
You disobedient, thou unhappy wag,
Where be the golden fetters I left you bound in ?

Cup. True, for my good behaviour ; but you see
My bands are cancell'd and your son set free.

Ven. I'll whip you for't, with nettles steep'd in wine.

Cup. So you'll nettle me, and I must smart for't ?
But when your own flames burn, and you desire
With him, or him, to glut your appetite,
Then, gentle Cupid, then, my pretty son,
My love, my dear, my darling, and what not,

Till you have had your will.

Ven. With his flattering tongue
He still prevents my anger: but for thee,
As crooked is thy manners as thy shape;
I thought, great fool, you durst not harbour him.

Vul. No more I did, sweet wife.

Cup. Sweet mother queen,
Buss my black dad, for all that he hath done
Was love to you, and kindness to your son.

Vul. Speak for me, Pan, as e'er thou hop'st to have
Thy broken hook well mended.

Pan. When, can'st tell?
I tell thee, I must first have, besides that,
A dozen of branding-irons to mark my flock:
The time draws near, sheep-shearing is at hand;
Besides, two of my Satyrs falling out
About a lamb, one of them burst his horn;
It must be tipt too; thou art well acquainted
With tipping horns.

Vul. Ha, horns! with horns! how's that?

Pan. Nay, ask your wife; I cannot speak of horns,
But still you take the last word to yourself;
For Venus makes, and Vulcan wears,
And Vulcan takes, and Venus bears.

Vul. Vulcan wear horns!

Ven. No, sweetheart, you mistake;
Pan is the forked god, with horns was born,
And ever since, his tongue runs of the horn.

Pan. Speak, shall I have my sheep-hook, and those
irons?

Vul. Yes, Pan, you shall;
But yet, those horns have struck deep to my heart.

Pan. Take heed they grow not upward to your head,
And tipping horns, your brows wear horns indeed.

Enter PSYCHE.

But who comes here? Vulcan, is this your wench?
Thou had'st best look to him, Venus.

Psy. Like your obedient servant, that lays down
Her life and labour at her mistress' feet,
So comes poor Psyche, held between the arms
Of fear and duty; fear, disheart'ning me,
Would pluck me back; but duty, being more strong,
Bids me go forward, bending my weak knee
Before the shrine of sacred majesty.

Accept my service, who, to gain your grace,
Would yield myself to ashy death's embrace.

Ven. Is this that water of th' infernal lake?

Psy. This is that water, whose infectious torrent
Runs from Cocytus into Phlegethon,
Infernal Styx, and the black Acheron,
Dear goddess!

Ven. Art thou not a fawning counterfeit?
First, I employed thee to divide my grain,
A task impossible for mortal hands;
This second as more hard, and yet 'tis done;
Thou work'st by sorcery; but no damn'd spell
Shall keep me from my wrath—thy soul from hell.

Vul. Venus, sweet mouse; nay, pr'ythee do not chide!
Forgive, as I forgive thee.

Ven. Polt-foot, peace!

Cup. Sweet mother, let your ire be mollified;
Since for her fault she hath endur'd this pain,
Banish all hate and make her blest again.

Ven. Again, I charge thee, not to speak for her:
Once more I'll try thee further, since thy heart
Is wedded to such hellish sorcery:
Hie to Proserpina, the black-brow'd queen;
I'll send thee on my embassy to hell:
Tell her that sickness, with her ashy hand,
Hath swept away the beauty from my cheeks,
And I desire her send me some of hers.
Fetch me a box of beauty then from hell;
That's thy last labour—urge not a reply;
Do my command and live; refuse, and die.

Cup. For my sake, my best mother, pity her.

Ven. For thee, I hate her; and for her, hate thee!

Pan. Nay, gentle Venus, be more merciful,
For her great belly's sake.

Ven. For that alone
I'll hate you all, till she be fled and gone!

Psy. Then go I must; and, going, ne'er return!
Oh, Cupid, my inconstancy to thee
Is cause of this my endless misery!

Cup. Withdraw thee, Psyche, till the rest be gone;
Anon I'll speak with thee. [*exit Psyche.*]

Enter MERCURY.

Mer. Venus, Vulcan, Cupid, and god Pan,
I summon you t' appear at Ceres' plain,

To entertain the fair Proserpina,
 For whom I now am sent : I must to hell
 About Jove's embassy : Venus, farewell. [*exit.*

Ven. Hermes, farewell ; we'll meet at Ceres' plenteous
 court.

Come, Cupid, follow me.

Pan. Vulcan cannot go.

Vul. Yes, but 'tis best to keep behind a shrew.

Pan. Then put her in before : on, Venus ; go.

[*exeunt all but Cupid.*

Cup. Psyche, approach ; but do not come too near,
 That pride thou hast already bought too dear.

Enter PSYCHE.

Psy. Oh, pity Psyche ! she is sent to hell.

Cup. It is the sound of hell wakes pity's eye,
 Else I had left thee to more misery.
 My love's not done, though thou art quite undone,
 Unless I arm thee 'gainst the darts of death,
 Which hell aims at thee.

Psy. Let thy sacred breath—

Cup. Wound me no more with words, for they but grieve
 me ;

Now mark, what on thy journey must relieve thee !
 First, hie thee to the banks of Acheron :
 Thou can'st not miss the way, 'tis broad, and worn
 With trampling of ten thousand passengers ;
 There shalt thou find hell's churlish ferryman,
 His name is Charon ; there's to pay his hire ;
 Take heed thou lose it not, for, doing so,

He'll beat, and leave thee on the shore of woe :
Being ferried over, thou shalt spy hell's gates ;
Thou need'st not knock, they're open night and day ;
Give Cerberus a sop, and pass away.

Psy. And what's that Cerberus ?

Cup. Porter of hell,
Who must at thy return be brib'd again.
My great desire to help thee, hinders thee ;
I should have told thee, when in Charon's barge,
Thou art wafting o'er the dreadful waves of Styx,
An aged man, with a pale countenance,
His name's Oblivion, swimming in the flood,
Will heave his wither'd arms, and cry, help ! help !
Save me from drowning ! Stretch not forth thy hand ;
For if thou dost, thou ne'er return'st to shore ;
Thou wilt forget my love, see me no more.

Psy. I'll stop my ears against Oblivion's cry.

Cup. Being landed, thou shalt see old wrinkl'd hags,
Spinning black threads, whilst Folly reels them up.
He will let fall his reel, and pray thee reach it ;
But stoop not. They will likewise beckon thee
To sit down by them ; but to spin a thread
Take heed ; doing so, from me thou art banished.

Psy. I'll shun their baits.

Cup. Being enter'd Pluto's court,
They all will 'tice thee with a thousand trains :
Shun all, and neither sit nor eat with them ;
Only deliver what thou art enjoin'd ;
Receive the box of beauty, and be gone ;
Which still keep shut ; let not thy daring eye

Behold the wealth that in the box doth lie.

Psy. Dread Cupid—

Cup. Now, farewell ; had'st thou but obey'd me,
Thy face had still been lovely, and mine eye
Doated on thee with heavenly jealousy. [*exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter CLOWN and SWAINS.

1st. Swain. And what dost thou think of Cupid, now ?

Clown. Do not think I am so stupid,
But to think well of great god Cupid.

2nd. Swain. And what of poets ?

Clown. As poets, as of potentates ; for, since I play'd the last
prize against Phœbus, in which I may say of myself, *veni,*
vidi, vici ; I have been so troubled with a poetical itch, that
I can scratch you out rhymes, and ballads, songs, and son-
nets, odes, and madrigals, till they bleed again.

1st. Swain. Then thou art reconcil'd to Homer.

Clown. Homer was honorable ; Hesiod, heroical ; Virgil,
a vicegerent ; Naso, notorious ; Martial, a provost ; Juve-
nal, a jovial lad ; and Persius, a paramount. What do I
think of poetry, of which myself am a profest member !

2nd. Swain. And may be very well spared, and yet the
body never the worse : but thou may'st see what becomes
of railing against Cupid : what a sweet mistress he hath
put upon thee.

Clown. Who, my Amaryllis ?

1st. Swain. Yes, the veriest dowdy in all Arcadia ; even
Mopsa, compar'd with her, shews like a Madam ; first, she's
old——

Clown. It was very well said, to say—first, because she was before us ; and for old, is not age reverend ? and therefore in my eyes she's honorable.

1st. Swain. And wrinkled.

Clown. Is't not the fashion ? do not our Gentiles wear their hair crisped, the Nymphs their gowns plaited, and the Fawns their stockings, for the more grace, wrinkled ? doth not the earth shew well when 'tis plough'd, and the land best when it lies in furrows ?

1st. Swain. Besides, she hath a horrible long nose.

Clown. That's to defend her lips ; but thou sinner to sense, and renegade to reason, do'st thou blame length in any thing ? do'st thou not wish thy life long, and know'st thou not that truth comes out at length ; when all our joys are gone and past, doth not long-look'd for come at last ; if any of our Nymphs be wrong'd, will she not say, 'tis 'long of me, 'tis 'long of thee or 'long of him ; if they buy any commodity by the yard, do they not wish it long ? your advocate wishes to have a law suit hang long ; and the poor client, be his cloak never so short and thread-bare, yet would be glad to wear it longer.

No marri'd man, but doth his wife much wrong,

Tho' he himself be short, t'have nothing long.

2nd. Swain. The short and the long of't is, she's an ugly creature, make of her what thou can'st.

Clown. Make of her what I can ? O that all, or any of you, could, like me, look upon her with the eyes of poetry ! I would then let you know what I have made of her.

1st. Swain. Pr'ythee, let's hear't.

Clown. Then listen hither, O you imps of ignorance !

O tell me, have you ever seen,
 Since you were born, unto this day,
 Which is long since, a wit so green,
 And cover'd with a head so grey.

To praise her still my muse's will is,
 Although therein I have no cunning,
 Yet is the nose of Amaryllis
 Like to a cock, long and still running.

Her eyes, though dim, do seem clear,
 And they of rheum can well dispose,
 The one doth blink, the other blear,
 In pearl-drops striving with her nose.

Her breasts are like two beds of bliss,
 Or rather like two lean cow's udders;
 Which shews that she no changeling is,
 Because they say, such were her mother's.

Those few teeth left her in her head,
 Now stand like hedgestakes in her gums;
 Full of white dandrif is her head,
 She puts the cobbler down for thumbs.

Her sides be long, her belly lank,
 And of her legs what should I say?
 But that she feels well in the flank,
 And both her feet themselves display.

1st. Swain. All the Homers in Asia could never have come
 so near the business.

Clown. From head to foot, for her stature and years, pattern
 her in all Arcadia: say she be a foul beast in your eyes, yet,
 she is my Hyren; and shewing foul to others, and fair to
 me, I shall live the happier, and she the honester: but I
 have a remedy against all this, in spite of Cupid.

2nd. Swain. What's that?

Clown. I hear Psyche, his mistress, is sent to hell for a box of beauty; 'tis but waylaying of her, and taking it from her, then Amaryllis shall compare with any other she that dare.

[*exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Enter MIDAS and APULEIUS.

Mid. This last I lik'd, and had it all been such,
Only a mere discourse 'twixt swains and clowns,
It then had pleas'd me: now, some quaint device,
Some kickshaw, or other, to keep me waking.

Apu. Then, by the leave of these spectators here,
I'll suit me to thy low capacity:
Of Vulcan's Cyclops I'll so much entreat,
That thou shalt see them on their anvil beat;
'Tis music fitting thee,—for who but knows,
The vulgar are best pleas'd with noise and shows?

A Dance of VULCAN and his CYCLOPS.

Mid. Well, this I like:
Now let me know the cream of this conceit;
Why grain? why measures? why the number five?
Your moral, sir, for that?

Apu. The number five, our senses doth include;
Those several grains, our several sorts of sins,
Which, like those seeds, to count, are infinite;
And so commix'd, that to distinguish them,
It much transcends human capacity.

Mid. And then, those ants; what did'st thou mean by them?

Apu. By those are meant our recollections,
And labyrinths, still busied in the search
Of what hath past, and, were it possible,
By drawing them into their former heaps,
To pay to each, indebted penitence ;
But all in vain, for this can never be
Without true love, guided by Mercury :
But for my scene, how do'st thou relish that ?

Mid. As ribble-rabble, and I know not what ;
A vial must be fill'd with Stygian drops,
And that an eagle must for Psyche fetch,
And all this, to what purpose ?

Apu. What to thee,
And such like drones, seems to be most absurd,
Is to the wise, perspicuous and most plain.
When Psyche hath transgress'd, and her offence,
Almost past pardon, merits Cupid's wrath,
Then woes, like waves, follow each other's neck ;
Then must she fetch a glass of Stygian water,
A vial fill'd with true repentant tears ;
And that she cannot fill, nor fetch from thence,
But by the eagle's help, Heaven's providence.

Mid. But for her voyage into hell, can'st make me
Believe, that once there, she can come from thence ?

Apu. Can'st thou be silent, and but apprehend
Thou now behold'st her sit in Charon's boat,
Oblivion reaching up his wretched hands,
To crave her help, and then by folly woo'd,
Next by the idle sisters ; these things past,
Ent'ring hell gates, whither thy imagination

May bring her? Howsoever, gentlemen,
I hope you will that better understand;
We'll but affright her with Hell's Court, and then
On your wing'd thoughts bring her to earth again.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter PLUTO, PROSERPINE, MINOS, ÆACUS, RHADAMANT, CHA-
RON, MERCURY, *and* CERBERUS.

Plu. Fair Maia's son, declare your embassy.

Mer. Wheat-crowned Ceres, harvest's sovereign,
And mother to the fair Proserpina,
Sends greeting to her son, hell's awful king;
Letting him know this day Latona's son
Enters the first house of his zodiac;
And with his gilt beams welcomes in the spring:
This day the virgins of Sicilia,
Old wives, young children, soldiers, citizens,
Princes and prelates, on Cephissus' banks,
Are gather'd in well order'd multitudes,
Dancing in choruses, singing mirthful lays,
Such as Iambe, Meganira's maid,
Sung, when she mourn'd her daughter's ravishment;
This day hath Ceres call'd a sessions,
Where Proserpine must be; but ere she leave
The black imperial throne of this low world,
Psyche, the daughter to th' Arcadian king,
Must do a message to her deity.

Pro. We know the intent of that great influence,

With all the purpose of the Paphian Queen ;
 She means proud Psyche never shall return,
 And we will keep her : Charon, fetch her o'er.

Cha. She's come already.

Min. Then conduct her in.

Cha. Hell's full enough of shrews : if she be fair,
 I know she's curst ; pray, let her tarry there ;
 A curs'd quean's tongue the very fiends still fear.

Plu. Fetch her, I say ; Venus shall be reveng'd.

Æac. Go, Charon ; wait upon him, Cerberus.

Min. If she perform the customs of our court,
 Being sent on message from supernal powers,
 We can then with no justice keep her here.

Rha. True, Minos : 'tis the law of hell and fate ;
 Yet, Cerberus and Charon, get you gone.
 Tell Psyche, that hell's king, and Proserpine,
 With Minos bench'd, Æacus and Rhadamant,
 Upon their black tribunals, send for her ;
 You, Furies, with your envious eyes, attend,
 Lest Psyche 'gainst our customs shall offend.

Cha. Come, Cerberus ; come, hags ; fetch Psyche in.

Cer. Yes, and for all her stains and leprosy,
 Methinks I now could eat her.

[exeunt Charon and Cerberus.]

Mer. Psyche is well instructed, Rhadamant ;
 Her husband Cupid gave her certain rules
 For her uncertain journey.

Enter CHARON, CERBERUS, and PSYCHE.

All. Here she comes.

Cer. My sop ; hast thou thy naulum, ferry-man ?

Cha. I have.

Plu. Psyche, stand forth ; nay, poor soul, tremble not.

Min. How came this woman over Acheron ?

Reach'd she not hand to help Oblivion ?

Cha. No ; yet the wretch made a piteous cry ;
Yet she look'd on him with a scornful eye.

Æac. How did she pass the hags that spun the threads
Of idle Folly, in the path of hell ?

Cha. They all desir'd her help ; but she deny'd
To set a finger unto Folly's thread.

Plu. She hath done well ; why kneel'st thou on the
ground ?

Psy. I kneel to Proserpine, for I am sent
By sacred Venus for a box of beauty.

Pro. Fair Psyche, you shall have what you desire ;
Rise up, sit down by us ; 'tis much unfit,
The wife of Cupid on the ground should sit.

Psy. Psyche is Cupid's out-cast, and his scorn,
And therefore sits thus low, and thus forlorn.

Plu. Oh, thou belov'd of Love, be not so sad ;
Furnish a banquet ; let our cousin taste
The delicacies that grow in these dark groves.

Pro. Art thou not faint ? [a banquet set forth.

Psy. Yes, wond'rous faint and weary ;
Faint through the want of food, weary with toil
Of my unnumber'd steps ; faint through the terror
That on each side affrights me ; faint and weary
With bearing this poor burthen in my womb.
Cupid, thy words are true ; thou did'st foretel
My pride on earth should work my plagues in hell.

Plu. Refresh thyself; then taste our delicates.

Psy. I dare not touch them.

Rha. Thou hast a sop; eat that.

Psy. It is not mine,
It is your porter's fee.

Cer. Give it me then.

Psy. Anon I will, at my return from hence.

In the mean time, sacred Proserpina,
By all the tears your grieved mother shed,
When you were stol'n from Pisma's flow'ry bank,
Let Psyche be despatch'd to Cypria,
Lest the incensed goddess do some wrong
To her poor servant, if she stay too long.

Plu. Will she not sit? scorns she to take our food?
Give her some wine.

Cna. Here, girl, drink to Hell's king.

Psy. Give me cold water from the murmuring spring.

Plu. I am soul-vex'd, that any mortal eye
Should see our customs, and return alive,
To blab them to the wide ear of the world:
But, Proserpine, having perform'd all rites,
We must not here detain her: send her hence.

Pro. My envy equals yours, but all in vain.
Psyche, receive this box from Proserpine,
Wherein celestial beauty is enclos'd;
But, on thy life, dare not to look into't,
As thou respect'st thy safety.

Psy. I receive it,
And humbly begging to dread Pluto's queen,
Entreat to be dismiss'd this fearful court.

Plu. Charon, convey her back.

Cha. My ferry-money.

Cer. My sop.

Psy. Both's here.

[exit Charon and Cerberus, with Psyche.]

Plu. Psyche is worthy to be Cupid's wife ;

And, Proserpine, remember her to Venus :

Make intercession that the queen of love

No longer prove th' ungentle step-mother.

Mer. Pluto, when Psyche hath perform'd her task,

My sister will no doubt be reconcil'd ;

Cupid presented a petition

To Jove, and all the senate of the gods,

To take from her her base deformity :

The gods agreed, and Venus too was pleas'd

At her return from hell it should be done.

Plu. Here, Hermes, take my Queen Proserpina ;

Return her when the sister of the Sun

Hath six times compassed her silver sphere ;

Commend me to my mother, great Jove's wife,

My sister Pallas, and to all the gods :

So farewell Pluto's joy ; all hell shall mourn

With hideous cries till my fair love return. *[exeunt.]*

[hideous music.]

SCENE II.

Enter CUPID.

Cup. Many a long look have my watchful eyes

Sent out to meet with Psyche ; here she comes,

Enter PSYCHE.

And in her hand the box ; Cupid, stand close,
And overhear the sum of her discourse.

Enter CLOWN.

Clown. This is she ; I know her by her martyr'd face. Venus did well to send her for beauty ; for, poor soul, she hath need on't. I have dogg'd her, to see if I could find her at any advantage, to steal away her box ; I have already got love from Cupid ; I have got poetry from Apollo ; and if I could now get beauty from Psyche,—Phaon, the fair ferryman, was never so famous in Sicilia, as I, Corydon, shall be in Arcadia.

Psy. You, trait'rous thoughts, no more assault me
thus ;

My lovely Cupid charg'd me not to see
What Proserpine sent Venus in this box ;
The like command did Hell's queen lay on me :
Oh, heaven ! yet I shall die except I do't.

Cup. Aye, Psyche, what still in your longing vein ?

Clown. That's it ; nay, I shall know't, if I see't again.

Psy. It's beauty, Psyche, and celestial,
And thou art ugly ; this will make thee shine,
And change this earthly form to shape divine ;
Open it boldly ; but I shall offend ;—
Why, say I do ; 'tis but the breach of duty,
And who'll not venture to get heavenly beauty,
Rich beauty, ever fresh, never decaying,
Which lies entombed in this heavenly shrine ;
Nor in this bold attempt think me profane,

Striving, thus spotted, to be free from stain.

[*she opens the box and falls asleep.*]

Clown. Nay, I thought I should take you napping,
And thou shalt go with me ; for 'tis my duty,
My mistress being a blowze, to find her beauty.

[*Cupid charms him asleep.*]

Cup. To make thee lovely in thy mistress' eyes,
Make use of that, and boast of thy rich prize.

[*Cupid lays a counterfeit box by him.*]

But, foolish girl ; alas ! why blame I thee,
When all thy sex is guilty of like pride,
And ever was : but where's this beauty now ?
Turn'd into slumbers, and, like wat'ry pearls
Of honey-tasting dew, hangs on these lids :—
She wakes again ; I have swept off the slumber
That hung so heavy on these spotted covers,
Which once clos'd in the light of all true lovers.

Psy. Where am I now ? dread Cupid, pardon me !

Cup. Come, rise ; and wipe away these fruitless tears !
Take up the box, and hie thee to my mother !

Psy. She'll kill me for the beauty I have lost.

Cup. Tush, fool ! I gather'd it from thy clos'd eyes,
Where in the shape of slumber it did rest ;
Be comforted ; Cupid's white hand shall clear
This black deformity, and thou shalt ride
In Venus' chariot, and be deified.
I thought to chide thee, but it will not be,
True love can but a while look bitterly ;
Awake thou too, the treasure there enclos'd,
Rifle at will, but see it well dispos'd.

[*exeunt Cupid and Psyche.*]

Clown. Where am I? nay, where is she? I no sooner cast mine eye upon the box, to say—here 'tis, but I was asleep before a man could say—what's this? what's this, said I;

Rejoice, all mortals that wear smocks,
For I have found rich beauty's box;
I was before but a man made, but I am now a very made man; and when 'tis known I am possess'd of this rich treasure, both young and old, short and tall, tag and rag, witch and hag, crone and beldame, who, though they come abroad but seldom, will crawl upon crutches to find out me: but come as many as will, and as fast as can, by their favours, my Amaryllis shall be first serv'd: and yet not first neither; am I in possession myself, and shall not I be the white boy of Arcadia? Adonis is dead, and shall not I be Venus' sweetheart?
Come, box of beauty, and for white and red,

[the box is full of ugly paint, with which he smears his face.]

Put down Jove's page, the smooth-fac'd Ganymede;
Daub on, daub on, as thick as thou can'st lay on,
Till thou exceed the ferryman call'd Phaon;
Cupid, compar'd with me, shall be a toy,
And look but like the sign of the black boy;
My face shall shine just as my hand disposes,
In one cheek I'll plant lilies, in t'other roses,
Till all that this my visage gaze upon,
Say,—there, there goes the fair-fac'd Corydon!

Enter SWAINS.

1st. Swain. Where is Corydon? Hymen stays, and

Amaryllis attends ; the bride is ready, but no bridegroom to be found.

Clown. I do not think the clowns will know me when they see me ; [*aside.*] Colin, Dickon, Hobbinol ! and how is't, how is't ?

2nd. Swain. Ha, ha, ha, very scurvily methinks : is this Corydon ?

Clown. Nay, if my face in swains breed such delight, What will the nymphs do when they come in sight ?

3rd. Swain. O, monstrous Corydon ! how cam'st thou thus chang'd ?

Clown. Chang'd ! I hope so : I have not travell'd thus far for nothing ; speak, you mortals ! doth not my brow relent ? shines not my nose ? springs not here a lily, there a rose ?

2nd. Swain. A rose, a lily ! a blue-bottle, and a canker-flower ! what is that upon thy face ?

Clown. Beauty, boys, beauty.

2nd. Swain. Beauty, dost call it ? I pr'ythee, from whence came it ?

Clown. Marry, from hell.

2nd. Swain. From hell ? I believe it ; for it hath made thee look like a devil already.

Clown. Go, shear your sheep, make money of your wool, Sell all your lambs, and make your purses full ; And then, if on the price we can agree, I'll fit you all, and make you look like me.

2nd. Swain. Like thee ! I'd rather see thee hang'd : dost thou think we mean to wear vizors ?

Clown. This 'tis to be mere mortals, and have no addition

of learning or travel; their dull eyes cannot judge of celestial beauty: but where's my Amaryllis, and the god of marriage, Hymen?

1st. Swain. They both stay for thee in Venus' temple; but I hope thou wilt not be married to her in this pickle?

Clown. Will I not? yes, and dazzle all their eyes that shall look on me, especially my Amaryllis;
And she must needs have some part of my theft:
All is not gone, something for her is left:—
Lead on, lead on, this day you shall be my men;
And thus in pomp will we go meet with Hymen:
And, Dickon, if anon thou wilt be sinful
To drink with me, I will give thee thy skinful:
If there be any here, I speak it out of duty,
Desire any complexion from my box of beauty;
This night I'm busy, let them come to morrow;
They shall have store, if they will buy or borrow. [*exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Enter PAN, APOLLO, VULCAN, VENUS, ADMETUS, ASTIOCHE, PETREA, MENETIUS, ZELOTES, and ARCADIANS.

Ven. By this I know, that minx is come from hell,
And here she harbours; but, Arcadian King,
Deliver her, or, by our dreadful frown,
I'll spoil thy courts, and cast thy temples down;
Conceal her longer, not the gods' entreats
Shall guard her from the death my rage intends!

Adm. Dread Queen of Paphos, she remains not here;
Nor think that I abet her, though my child,

Against your wrath, or power ; nay, did she sojourn
In any place where I have free command,
I'd cause her to be fetch'd thence instantly,
And as your slave and vassal tender her.

Ven. If she be safe return'd from Proserpine,
She must be pardon'd, and become divine ;
But to conceal her being, and keep back
The present sent, keeps but her future wrack.

Apo. If ever in fair Venus I had power,
Or grac'd her summer pastimes with my beams,
At length, with a commiserating eye,
Look on distressed Psyche.

Vul. Do, good wife ;
Use her with all the favour thou can'st think ;
Connive at her, as I at thy faults wink.

Pan. And Pan protests, by Canna's nut-brown hair,
The fairest nymph, since Syrinx, I e'er saw ;
Be friends with her ; my Satyrs all shall play,
And I with them make this a holyday.

Enter MERCURY and PROSERPINE.

Mer. To all these gods, to Venus, and this train,
Health from the son of Saturn, and Queen Ceres !

Ven. Welcome ! what would the messenger of Jove
To us, or these ?

Mer. Pan, Vulcan, and yourself,
With Phœbus, and the great Arcadian king,
Must be this day at Ceres' sowing-feast ;
Unto which annual meeting, see fair Proserpine
Is come from Pluto's court.

Ven. Welcome, fair queen !

Apo. Welcome, fair sister, from the vaults below !
We two are twins, of fair Latona born,
And were together nurs'd in Delos' Isle ;
You guide the night, as I direct the day :
Darkness and light betwixt us we divide ;
Nor square, but in our mutual orbs agree,
Unless you move just 'twixt the earth and me ;
For then you eclipse my lustre.

Vul. Cousin Queen,
I am even moon-sick, and half merry mad,
For joy of thy arrival.

Pan. By our crests
We should be cousins, for we both are horn'd ;
And Vulcan of our kin too : but, sweet goddess,
Now I bethink me of th' Arcadian nymphs,
I am bound to thee for many a pretty sight,
And much good sport I've had by thy moonlight.

Pro. To give you meeting, I am come from hell.

Ven. Saw you not Psyche there ?

Pro. Love's Queen, I did :
Hither she comes, with Cupid, hand in hand :
Her leprosy, through labour, is made clear,
And beauteous in your eye she'll now appear.

Enter CUPID and PSYCHE.

Cup. Celestial, sea-born queen ! I here present you
My Psyche, who hath satisfied your will :
Deliver her, fair love, from Proserpine,
The box of beauty, endless and divine.

Psy. Guided by Love, lord of my life and hope,
I come undaunted to your gracious sight;
Hoping, my sufferance hath out-worn his wrath.

Ven. She hath 'scap'd hell, and now the task is done;
And I still cross'd by a disobedient son.
But tell me how this leper came thus fair.

Cup. At my intreat it was:
'Mongst all the gods I claim'd her for my wife;
Who, taking a joint pity of her wrongs,
Gave their consent; and, then, great Jove himself
Call'd for a cup of immortality,
Drank part to her, and Psyche quaff'd the rest;
At which, deformity forsook her quite,
And she made fair, and then proclaim'd my bride;
Jove vowing, she should now be deified.

Ven. I see, I cannot conquer destiny:
By fate she first was thine;—I give her thee.

Mer. Now, Psyche, you must see your sisters judg'd;
Unstaid Petrea, and unkind Astioche:
Admetus, you must be their sentencer.

Ast. Husband, your knees!

Pet. My dear lord! plead for us.

Ast. Will neither? yet, father!

Adm. Wretches, peace!

Psyche by you was torn from her delight,
And rudely rent from Cupid's paradise;
'Twas you that robb'd her of a father's love;
By your allurements, she was sent to hell;
And had not divine aid secur'd her thence,
Poor soul! for ever she'd been there detain'd;

For which, to endless durance I adjure you ;
For merit's silver gates are always barr'd
To hearts impenitent, and wilful hard.

Psy. Have pity on them, father ! gentle husband,
Remember not their fraud in tempting me :
You gods and goddesses, with Psyche join,
To beg their pardons ; all you, Arcadians, kneel ;
For, had they not my happiness envy'd,
My love and patience had not so been try'd.

All. We all will mediate for them.

Adm. Then, daughters, give your sister Psyche thanks,
And to her virtues be a servant still,
Which makes atonement for your ill.

Both. We'll henceforth be her hand-maids.

Ven. They shall attend her unto plenty's bower ;
Where Ceres, queen of fertility,
Invites us with the other gods to feast.

Mer. There Jove and Phœbus shall lead Cupid's queen
To the bright palace of eternity ;
Bacchus shall give us wine, and Ganymede
Shall crown our full cups with the grape's pure blood ;
Ceres shall yield us all earth's delicacies ;
The Graces shall bring balm ; the Muses sing
In Cupid's honour, love's immortal king.

Vul. Vulcan will dance, and sing, and skip, and quaff,
And, with his smoky jests, make Cupid laugh.

Cup. Such as love me, make me their precedent.
See, thus I take fair Psyche by the hand ;
Mercury, do you the like to Proserpine ;
My mother Venus cannot want a mate :

In honour of our marriage, match yourselves,
 And, with a measure, grace our nuptials ;
 But, such as do not love to be in motion,
 View, as spectators, how our joy appears,
 Dancing to the sweet music of the spheres.

A Dance of Cupid, Psyche, the Gods and Goddesses.

Apo. Now circle Psyche in a fairy ring,
 Whilst I and Venus grace her with this crown ;
 This done, to feast with Ceres and the gods ;
 And next unto the palace of the sun,
 To end those sacred rites we have begun.

Enter MIDAS and APULEIUS.

Mid. Is this your moral ? this your poetry ?
 What hast thou done ? what spoke ? what presented ?
 Which I with all these cannot justly tax ?

Apu. Yes, all like thee, th' obtuse and stupid minds ;
 But there's an understanding that hath depth
 Beyond thy shallow nonsense ; there's a wit,
 A brain which thou want'st ; I to that submit.

Mid. And even in that thou fool'st thyself.

Cup. Nay then,
 I, by the favour of these gentlemen,
 Will arbitrate this strife : one seeks to advance
 His art, the other stands for ignorance ;
 Both hope, and both shall have their merits full ;
 Here's meed for either, both the apt and dull ;
 Pleas'd, or displeas'd, this censure I allow ;—
 Keep thou the asses' ears, the laurel thou ;
 If you, judicious, this my doom commend,

Psyche by you shall, doubly crown'd, ascend ;
 And then this legacy I leave behind,
 Where'er you love, prove of one faith, one mind.
 The spring comes on, and Cupid doth divine
 Each shall enjoy his best lov'd Valentine ;
 Which, when you have, may you like us agree,
 And at your best retirements think of me. [exunt.

THE END.

LONDON :

Printed by D. S. Maurice, Fenchurch-street.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

THE USURPING TYRANT.

GOVIANUS, *the deposed King.*

ANSELMUS, *his Brother.*

VOTARIUS, *the friend of Anselmus.*

HELVETIUS,
MEMPHONIUS, } *Nobles.*
SOPHONIRUS, }

BELLARIUS, *the lover of Leonella.*

THE LADY, *the Daughter of Helvetius.*

THE WIFE OF ANSELMUS.

LEONELLA, *her Woman.*

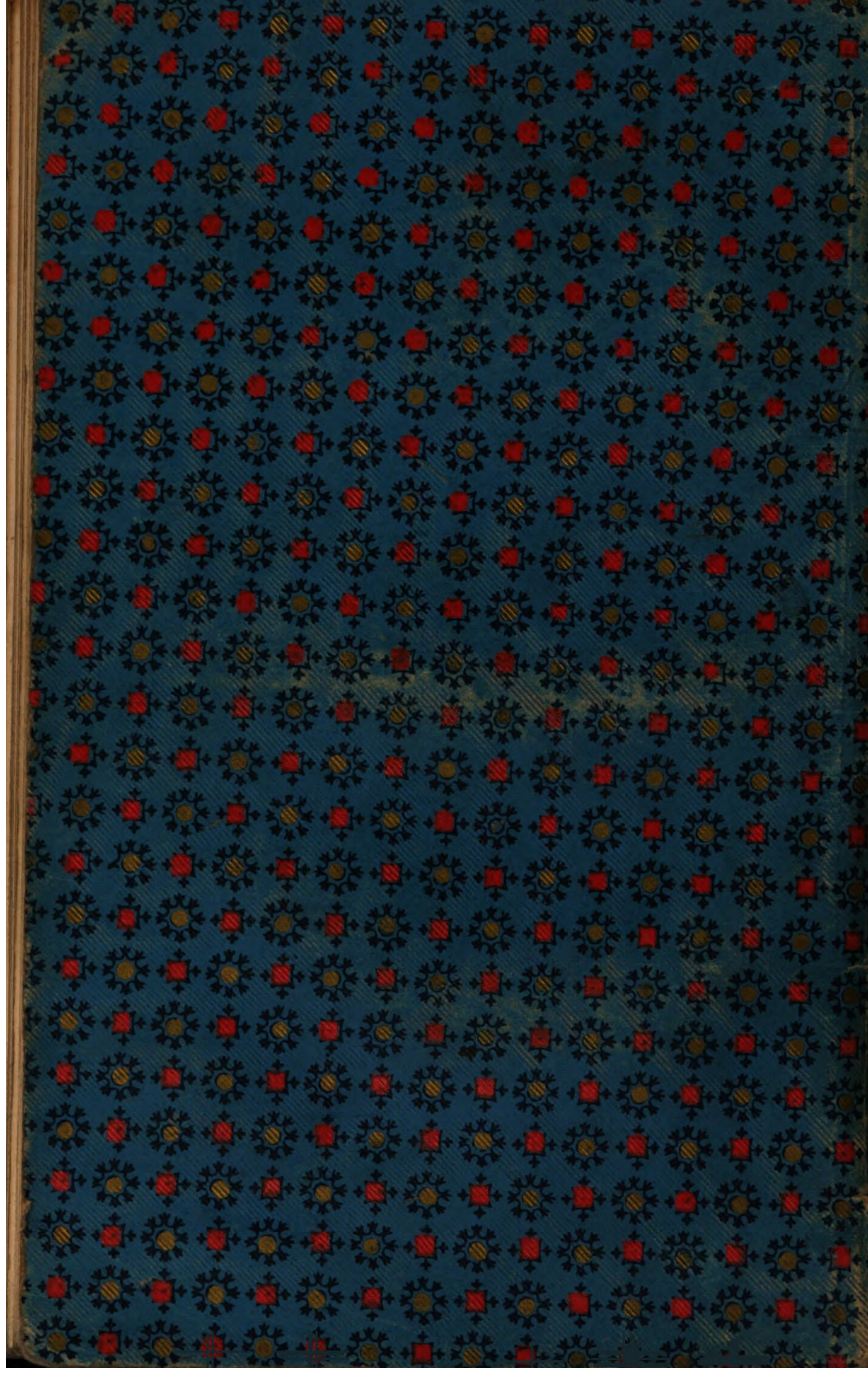
Nobles, Soldiers, and Attendants.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

The Tyrant, TYRANNUS.
Gonatus, his Son.
Aristus, his Brother.
Tostatus, the Friend of Aristus.
Hermippus, }
Mithridates, } Nobles.
Sophoniscus, }
Bellarius, the Lord of Rhodes.
The Lady, the Daughter of Aristus.
The Wife of Aristus.
Leonilla, her Woman.
Nobles, Soldiers, and Attendants.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

The Learning Tyrant.
Goliath, the deposed King.
Assur, his brother.
Tobias, the friend of Assur.
Herbert,
Merriman, } Nobles.
Roderick,
Isabella, the lover of Roderick.
The Fair, the Daughter of Isabella.
The Wife of Assur.
Isabella, her friend.
Nobles, Soldiers, and Attendants.



Heywood, Thomas,

Love's mistress or the queens masque

London 1824

P.o.angl. 156 xb

urn:nbn:de:bvb:12-bsb10746769-2